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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No. 2.

FATHER YENNI'S JUBILEE.[1]

Letter of Very Rev. Father General.

New Orleans, March 7th, 1888.

Dear Rev. Father,
P. C.

Enclosed please find a copy of the letter of Very Rev. Fr. General to Father Yenni. When Fr. General was informed of the action of Fr. Yenni, he consented to send us this copy, so that the original plan of having it published might not be frustrated. Do not fail to make known the act of humility on Father Yenni's part. The letter is certainly a remarkable one; but the humility of the good father is no less remarkable: if the publication of the letter is calculated to do good, so also will the knowledge of the effort made to conceal it by him to whom it was addressed.

Ræ. Væ. servus in Xto,
T. W. Butler, S. J.

Fesulis, 18 Dec., 1887.

Reverende in Xto Pater,
P. C.

Ex Catalogis nostris cum admiratione cognovi, R. V^am annum jam quinquagesimum in scholis, idque in scholis grammatices decurrere.

Res perrara, atque ad memoriam et exemplum insignis. Sane, quod R. V^a olim in votorum nuncupatione omnipotenti Deo, coram ejus Virgine Matre et tota cœlesti curia, in gaudio et fervore spiritus, peculiari modo circa puerorum eruditionem promisit, id re et opere cumulate præstitit, ut dulcem illam invitationem expectare possit, "euge serve bone et fidelis."

De juventute vero ipsa, cujus integritatem divino Servatori tantopere cordi fuisse novimus, cujus educationem et institutionem Societas nostra inter prima semper adjumenta ad

[1] See previous number, page 110.

promovendam gloriam Dei et salutem animarum numeravit et exercitavit, R. V^a^ constanti dimidii sæculi labore merita comparavit, quæ non unam tantum hominum ætatem complectuntur, sed sementis instar crescent et in millia diffundentur.

Simul R. V^a^ fratribus suis, qui sunt in iisdem scholæ laboribus socii, exemplum exhibuit, quo commoti gravem hanc vocationis nostræ partem nova æstimatione colant et tractent, quo sanctam patientiam, quæ in hac palæstra præ ceteris est necessaria, discant, quo novum fatiscenti naturæ animum et stimulum addant.

Pro his donis Dei sit supremo Largitori debita gratiarum actio, sit omnis honor et prædicatio!

Mercedem condignam solus reddere potest is, ac reddet fidelissime, pro cujus amore R. V^a^ desudavit.

Sed tamen ad virtutem pertinet, meritorum grato cum sensu esse memorem. Quare hac auspicatissima occasione usus nomine totius Societatis R. V^ae^ ex animo gratulor, gratias ago, et cum summa precatione ad Deum, ut R. V^am^ adhuc diu superstitem et incolumem conservet, in pignus et signum affectus paterni R. V^ae^ benedictionem ex animo impertio.

Commendo me SS. SS.

Rev^ae^ V^ae^ Servus in X^to^,

A. M. A. . . . .

R. P. Dominico Jenny, S. J.

Spring Hill.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Fifth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.
Sept. 25th, 1861.

M. F. MAGUIRE,

My dear Friend,

I comply at the earliest opportunity with the obligation imposed on me, by the promise I made when leaving New York, of writing to you from the seat of war. We were very much disappointed in not being sent to Virginia; but I hope it is all for the better. We are not so exposed, it would appear, to die victims of cannon or rifles, as are the soldiers campaigning in the Old Dominion; yet we have in front of us (it is said) a more desperate, a more formidable enemy than the *boys in gray*. This fearless, invincible foe is to come to us (we are told) in the shape of yellow fever, which, they say, claims to be a native of the coast on which we are endeavoring to re-establish Uncle Sam's authority so summarily interfered with of late.

Gulliver in all his travels never visited, I am sure, such a country as the island enjoying the sweet name "Santa Rosa." As the rainy season advanced, however, we began to see that this island, so much despised at first, has its beauties and its redeeming qualities. The continued rains, combined with great heat, changed what we had considered entirely unproductive, into a refreshing and pleasant paradise. Extensive vines have sprung up, as if by magic, from what we have been considering our barren, sandy home. Some of these vines, after shedding their sweet-scented blossoms, produce a most delicious fruit resembling the blackberry; others produce grapes, not in bunches, but singly. The May-apple (or the plant which goes by that name in Kentucky) grows luxuriantly and gives us luscious fruit. Flowers, too, of extremely delicate hues, please the eye with their colors, and regale the olfactory sense with their enchanting fragrance. Rose-bushes (or rose-vines, for they run along the ground) bearing brilliantly colored single roses are now occupying spots where we had supposed

nothing could ever grow. An old negro, a native of Pensacola, whence he lately escaped to us, tells me we shall have every month till May a new species of this rose. A species of bay-trees, and laurel-trees with their beautiful flowers and rich fragrance, appear in clusters. The Zouaves utilize the leaves of these shrubs by drying and pulverizing them, and mixing the powder thus obtained with the coffee, whose aroma is in this manner greatly enhanced.

Different varieties of animals have made their appearance on the island since the beginning of the rainy season. Rats of various colors, mice of many species, opossums, raccoons, etc., have been caught and are being tamed by the boys. Birds, too, of many sorts have taken up their abode on our island and enliven us with their songs. Amongst these the mocking-bird, of course, two species of which are found in Florida, stands pre-eminent. One of these species sings not only in the daytime, but also during those nights in which the moon sends her gentle beams to light our weary watching. My old negro friend tells me this is a peculiarity of the birds hatched in the month of March.

In spite of, or rather on account of, the rainy season which seems to be now drawing to a close, Col. Wilson invited your friend Adjutant Heary, Captain Duffy, myself and others to go on an exploring expedition to the eastern extremity of the island, and procured for us artillery horses from the fort. Though we were aware that there might be very serious danger in going so far outside of camp, through an unknown part of the island which might be occupied by the enemy; still the desire to know the extent of Santa Rosa and what its features were, induced us to accept the invitation. Some regulars, officers and privates, joined the party, which thus became formidable. Properly buckled and armed, we started early in the day on our ride of adventure and discovery. The horses being in prime condition, and the sand thoroughly packed by the long continued rains, we moved briskly onward, soon passed the marine camp, and found ourselves far beyond the reach of our companions. As we advanced eastward, we discovered that Santa Rosa was becoming dangerously wide for our little force, and densely covered with magnificent pine-trees. What a splendid site for an encampment, we thought. Does the enemy already occupy it? Have they a battery here? Are we going too far?—such were some of the many thoughts and queries passing through our minds. Keeping the middle of the island, we met with high elevations of sand, and then deep depressions. Now we sighted lakes of various forms and sizes; again dense thickets of undergrowth. On arriving

at a very narrow part of the island, a halt was commanded and rations for men and horses were distributed. After a little consultation we concluded to postpone till another day the further exploration eastward of Santa Rosa, and return slowly, examining more closely our insular home. Our explanation of things we saw was, that the fierce tornadoes and hurricanes so frequent in these regions, and the long continued violent rains have torn up the sandy surface into high hills and deep valleys; but, as the island is all sand, these hills and valleys are likely to change positions after every storm. Some of these valleys, being lower than the sea, retain the water poured into them during the rainy season, and thus form charming fresh-water lakes.

Whilst crossing one of the sandy heights, we beheld a body of men south of us, between us and the gulf-beach. Knowing that no soldiers were outside the picket-line but ourselves, we naturally concluded that the strangers were enemies, who had erected a battery on that part of the island. It was unanimously resolved to make a bold effort to obtain accurate information about their doings. We moved cautiously in "open order" over the hillocks towards the strangers, who appeared not to notice us. Fearing an ambuscade, we spread out our force still more. Just then our visitors took to their heels towards the gulf and we dashed after them with all the speed our chargers could command. Presently we saw them directing their course towards a boat manned by several sailors and floating the United States' flag. The mystery was soon cleared up: some officers of the navy were out precisely on the same errand as ourselves; they had assumed that we were Southern "bushwhackers," and determined, if their feet and boat could save them, not to be captured. The officer in command of the party was considerably mortified that his men should have defended themselves by flight. Apologizing for the fright we caused the representatives of our gallant navy, and wishing them a safe and pleasant trip across the waves to their proud man-of-war, we rode towards the northern beach. Here we discovered recent tracks of men who had been along the strand. Were they yet among the sand-hills? Could we capture them? Had they a battery in the neighborhood? Some dismounted, and moved cautiously among the hillocks, whilst the others took charge of the horses. The scouting party soon returned with the information that a short distance west of us was a black schooner carrying a swivel-gun at her bow, and the crew, just leaving shore, were rowing out to her. How very near and yet how far! There was noth-

ing to be done. We withdrew unobserved from the northern shore, and rode towards the lakes and their surroundings.

The discovery of this new feature of our island, though we had heard of the existence of such bodies of water, was a most agreeable surprise to us. With a kind of awe we drew near them. Our horses seemed anxious to slake their thirst. Unaware of the nature of the bank or the depth of the water, we carefully rode to the edge of a long narrow pond. To our utter amazement we found the bank well faced with stones. Had this pond or lake been the basement of a castle; or is it the ruins of a fort? Moving along the side, we came to a point where the bank had given way. This breach offered our thirsty horses an easy access to the water. When led there, however, the poor animals became terrified, pawed and snorted, but absolutely refused to quench their burning thirst. What could be the cause of it? "Look, look!" said several, "see the number of chips floating on the surface!" "Can such things frighten thirsty horses from the water?" asked many. A closer investigation revealed to us the unpleasant fact that those apparent chips were nothing less than the long faces of alligators. Their bodies were invisible, but the heads, from the eyes forward to the nozzles, the only parts of the monsters seen by us, presented to the casual observer the appearance of long black chips. This explained our poor horses' dread of the water. One of the men threw into the pond a piece of bread to prove to all that these chips were the upper jaws of monster mouths. No sooner had the morsel touched the water than the sly amphibious creatures rushed so violently after it, that the placid lake was in as great commotion as if lashed by a furious gale. Near this lake, the christening of which, like that of its sisters, we deferred till another day, is a kind of swamp in which weeds, bushes, flowering shrubs and cacti of many species grow luxuriantly. This is the retreat of frogs, snakes and alligators in prodigious numbers. Further on, we came to a jungle or thicket of considerable extent, in which birds of many notes and varied hues take up their abode and, relying on the protection afforded them by the fear of snakes and alligators, securely build their nests and raise their young. No boy would dare enter that thicket to disturb the homes of birds, and cruelly rob the songsters of their little ones. But what produced in this hollow such a rich growth of little trees, bushes, etc.? This is our explanation: the overflowing of the gulf during the equinoctial gales, which are very violent here, has brought into this hollow an accumulation of weeds, bushes, timbers, and portions of wrecked vessels which gradually decayed and formed

over the sand a kind of soil which the water and the sun's great heat have continued to improve. We shall see later whether these lakes, thickets, etc. are the result of the rainy season, as some assert. If these features disappear on the return of dry weather, we shall be disappointed in the pleasure we promise ourselves in revisiting these romantic scenes.

Satisfied that we had performed a good day's work in the way of scouting combined with pleasure, and determined with a stronger force to push on to the eastern extremity of Santa Rosa some other day, we put spurs to our somewhat jaded horses and made directly for the camp which we reached late. After having cared for our trusty horses, and reported to headquarters what we had seen and done, we sat down to the meagre supper of hungry soldiers. Our companions in arms gathering around us to listen to the descriptions of the eastern part of the island, of the dangers and adventures we met, would remind one of the crowds listening to the wondrous tales related by Columbus and his hardy mariners after their return from the new world. The whole camp wants to turn out and go on the next expedition.

Next morning all was stir and bustle in the fort, in the batteries and in camp. The commander of the department resolved to send a body of picked men to surprise and capture the black schooner with her crew and arms. The men to take part in this hazardous undertaking were selected, and the hour for starting fixed. Finally, to make sure that no one had deserted to give information of our plans to the enemy, the roll of the entire camp was called. One did not answer to his name. He is a young Englishman in whom the authorities had placed great confidence. Where was he? Whilst search was being made for him in the fort, in batteries, etc., the selected men went to confession to prepare themselves for death. The Englishman was not to be found; he must have deserted and given to the enemy the information which would enable them to capture our poor fellows. The expedition under the circumstances had to be postponed. Whilst talking of the Englishman's treachery and our own disappointment, a deserter from the enemy appears at our picket-line, and is conducted to headquarters. He is one of the crew of the schooner. Our deserter had reached the boat before he left, and had given all the information he could about our intended movement. Preparations were immediately made to slaughter or capture us. Is his story true? Deserters and refugees coming nearly every day to the island, bring us the most contradictory stories. Is this one a spy? He is suspected of being one, and is imprisoned in the fort.

After a few days' delay, when it was presumed that the enemy were again off their guard, the selected men were returned to their various commands, and the capture of the armed schooner was entrusted to Company D, 6th N. Y. Volunteers. Owing to the extreme darkness of the night and their unacquaintance with the hills and hollows, lakes and swamps of that part of the island near the schooner's anchorage, this "fighting" company utterly failed. Day dawned upon them before they had reached the position where the effort to capture the little man-of-war was to be made, and they returned completely crestfallen. Next day, Company K was entrusted with the work of "cutting out" the sable schooner. This company was ordered to start early in the afternoon, so as to have less travelling to do in the dark. As they were moving out of camp, rain began to fall; but it was supposed it would be only a shower. As night approached, the rain increased in violence, but our company was beyond our reach. The captain in command had received strict orders in starting not to be the first to fire. If they could surprise the schooner they must carry her off. If the enemy should fire on them, Company K must fight for possession of the schooner. It would appear that strict orders have been received here from some head-quarters *not to begin a battle yet.* Who fires the first shot forces the battle. Both sides are very cautious about throwing down the glove; and justly so; for if the enemy are as well prepared as we suppose, and as deserters and refugees assure us they are, it would be madness for us to commence; and if our efforts to deceive the enemy as to the strength of our position and the number of our forces, have succeeded, they would act most imprudently in attacking us. All that night and next day, the rain continued to pour;—a revival of the rainy season which we thought had disappeared.

The second evening was drawing to a close, and no news of Co. K had arrived. Was our company captured? Rain or shine, reinforcements were ordered to start to rescue our men. This party had just got outside the lines when they met Co. K, far more dejected than Co. D had been. Narrow as the island is, these poor fellows lost their way, got in amongst the lakes and swamps, used up their day's rations and became panic-stricken. Everything they heard or saw was, in their excited imagination, one of those fierce and large alligators they had heard so much about. Every depression in the sand became in the darkness of the night a lake swarming with monster alligators. All further efforts to carry off the "sable fiend" were abandoned for the present.

These two companies have to re-establish their character as soldiers. They are smarting under the taunts of the members of our scouting party, who are urgent in their demands to be sent to effect the desired capture. After those exciting days were over, as there was no prospect of a similiar movement for adventurous scouting in the near future, the boys began to settle down to camp routine.

During the rainy season, only few could attend Mass; the chapel-tent, being small, could contain only officers; the men could not always expose themselves to the downpour. However, as the season was drawing to a close, I thought of having Mass, as we had on the first Sunday in July, in the open air. Profiting by the lull in military affairs, and after consulting the weather prophets, who assured me it was a dry moon *because on its back*, I resolved to make preparations for an open-air celebration of the divine mysteries on the next Sunday. We have at hand many conveniences now for such a celebration, which we had not for the first Sunday Mass that was said on Santa Rosa. We sent word to the fleet, to the transports and to the "prize vessels" (blockade-runners) many of which have been lately brought here and are anchored off the island. The boys off duty spared no efforts to give the surroundings something of the appearance of a church. Boxes and barrels, empty and full, were rolled into suitable positions. A body of men, in men-of-war's boats, went down along the gulf-beach till opposite the pine forest in the eastern part of the island, where they landed and cut off suitable pine boughs, which they brought into camp to ornament the altar. The greatest interest in having a display worthy of the occasion was manifested by all, rank and file. As my time was taken up by the number of penitents wishing to prepare themselves for Communion, I allowed the "boys" to please themselves.

Saturday, September 21st arrived, and all seemed to promise a successful morrow. But alas! alas! there are but few altar-breads! I hurried to the fort, saw the quartermaster and asked him whether he had any flour amongst his stores. "Cargoes of it," he replied. Hearing the reason of my application, he not only gave me the flour, but helped me to mix it and bake it; and in a few minutes we had as many altar-breads as we wanted.

Sept. 22nd—Sunday dawned bright and glorious. The crowd was great; the altar, the only thing under cover, was tastefully decorated. Mass began a little after 12 o'clock. Our regimental band discoursed sacred music alternately with a choir composed of sailors and soldiers. Two drummer boys, Frederick Goggins and Hickey (St. John's, Ford-

ham boys) served Mass. The band (Monaghan's) is composed of Catholics. The scene was grand; I wish I were able to describe it: the place, the view, the surroundings, the multitude. As my lungs were not up to the occasion, the sermon was short, probably to the great satisfaction of all. The men and officers returned to their ships, anchored far off, expressing a wish that no obstacle would intervene to prevent us from having this celebration every Sunday; and they were loudly cheered by the army.

At times during the wet season, the pouring rain was accompanied by terrific wind-storms of two or three days' duration; during the night, by way of variety, the wind would break into a hurricane. About the 10th of August, a fierce gale swept northward over the gulf, shook up alarmingly our numerous fleet of men-of-war, transports and *prizes*, struck our island, levelled and huddled up in an indescribable heap tents of all descriptions, and then scattered them in every direction. Fastenings in the sand proved treacherous. The only protection we had against the fearful rain had disappeared in an instant. "Boys, let us save the father's tent," exclaimed many of the soldiers, forgetful of themselves. But all their generous efforts were in vain. All the fastenings we could make in the sand were powerless to resist the force of the storm. The wind in its violence gathered up large quantities of sand, and so energetically pelted us with it, that our sight and hearing were seriously endangered; for, in spite of all we could do to protect ourselves, the fine sand was driven into our ears, against our eyes, down our necks and into our mouths. In our utter helplessness, we sought some distraction by watching the great danger which threatened the many vessels at anchor off the island. Out on the gulf the wind had worked itself into a roaring tempest which, lashing the water into towering billows, dashed them over and against the vessels straining at anchor. Wind is directly shoreward, but the tide is going out. All the steamers, of course, have steam up. Signals are exchanged between the vessels; a transport, laden chiefly with flour, and some of the *prizes*, are dragging their anchors. A steam-transport slips her anchor and puts out to sea, but, after shipping many seas, returns to her anchorage. Others make the same experiment, but like her prefer to be near help if things come to the worst.

In the afternoon, the wind was somewhat allayed. We profited by the calm to hunt up and erect our tents with all possible improvements in the fastenings. What a change in our island! The rain had fallen in quantities too great to be absorbed by the sand, and it remained in ponds and rivers

and lakes all around us. Thousands of hands were rapidly erecting tents, in and out of the water, as it suited their fancy. Supper was hurriedly distributed. I said a portion of my office for the next day, and we prepared for a stormy night which the weather prophets said we were sure to have.

About nine in the evening, whilst the tide was coming in with force, the wind returned to the attack with all the might of a hurricane. The night was intensely dark; wind and tide seemed determined, by a strong combination, to wreck our fleet. Signals of distress, fired off from one of the *prizes*, brought us instantly to the beach to render all possible assistance. Through the dense darkness, falling rain and blinding storm, we saw two *prizes* dragging their anchors shoreward. What a terrific scene! Not a word could, of course, be exchanged. The furious noise of the wind was drowned by the terrific roar of the waters whose waves, fed by the rising tide and increasing winds, refused now to stop at the usual limits of stormy tides. The waves, like living monsters, plunged far across the island, which seemed to our excited minds to be sinking under the enormous weight of water dashed across its sandy bosom. The darkness of the night was lit up by the long line of foam on the curling waves just before they broke in all their fury upon the island. Daylight brought us no relief or hope; it only showed us the great and increasing danger threatening the vessels and ourselves. As if to increase the general dismay, the flag-ship *Colorado* let off a number of rockets, signals of some danger they had to encounter. Abandoning all hope of saving their ships, those in charge of the *prizes* slipped their anchors, spread their sails and, profiting by wind and tide, steered direct for the sandy shore of Santa Rosa. To our great joy they made their way safely to the beach. As the tide receded they were left imbedded in the sand high out of the water.

During all this excitement, there happened west of us on the strand, an accident, that concerned us far more than the safety of the *prizes*; it was the total loss of a cargo of flour and other provisions for the troops. This was doubly a loss for us, for it was a gain to the enemy to whose shore it all floated, and who for days afterwards were busily engaged before our eyes in hauling the barrels out of the water. For several days after this violent storm, every tide brought to our shore pieces of wrecks, whole cane-brakes torn probably from the Mexican swamps, quantities of timber, etc., which showed us that the storm was felt elsewhere. The two standard *prizes* with their outfit and cargo, and the arrival of abundant wreckage, changed the monotony of our lives.

When fair days came during the rainy season, the soldiers, like spirited chargers brought out from the stalls where they had been unwilling tenants, were most eager for a dash of any kind towards the enemy. Shortly after the storm mentioned above, Post-Captain Bailey of the flag-ship *Colorado* thought he would turn to account this fiery disposition of the men. He took some of the Zouaves, some regulars, and a number of marines,—in all about one hundred and sixty men, to "cut out" a fancy propeller in the bay, fastened to the navy-yard dock. Armed for battle, they started from the *Colorado*, where the *rendezvous* took place, in three launches, with muffled oars, under cover of night and some friendly clouds, for the enemy's lines. Supposing that they would meet with opposition, Col. Brown determined to support them even if his support should bring on a general battle. He therefore ordered "all hands to the guns." Each cannon had its "dead light," the "eight" at their posts, the "reliefs" at "orders;" the infantry were served with forty rounds and ordered to "sleep on their arms"—which means not to sleep at all. After a patient and anxious delay of two hours, we saw signal lights pass along the enemy's beach, then a rocket and another, 3, 4, 6. Our men are evidently discovered. Now the distinct cry of the watchful sentry, "Turn out! turn out!" rolled over the waters to our ears. Then the "long roll" was beaten in every encampment along the bay. Not a gun, however, was yet fired. This silence of arms filled us with anxiety. Were our men entrapped and captured? After a long suspense, we heard the splash of the oars, now unmuffled, and in a few moments our men were on shore.

They told us that the little steamer had gone up the bay to Pensacola, eight miles distant; finding things so quiet, they rowed along the docks until a sentry challenged them. This faithful guard, receiving no answer to his challenge, called the officer of the guard who, likewise receiving no answer, ordered the "turn out." Our men enjoyed amazingly the fright they gave the men across the bay. We may expect now a little retaliation in the way of a surprise from the other side. The water on our side of the bay, at least where they could surprise us, is too shallow to allow them to reach shore with their boats. This difficulty for them is one of our protections.

In the latter part of August, we were, in spite of the broken weather, in great expectation of a severe battle, owing to the following incident. In the bay, on the north side of Santa Rosa, is quite a little fleet of armed schooners, tugs, etc. This nascent navy manœuvres every day in the

inside waters, going through various evolutions, probably to satisfy themselves and terrify us. When the wind is strong, some of these schooners dash with great speed towards the gulf, but, on reaching our lines, tack and return towards Pensacola. These lively and threatening boats are allowed to roam over the bay as much as their captains wish, for the very good reason that we cannot prevent them and do not like to draw their anger on us just yet.

Towards the end of August, on a bright windy day, the largest of these schooners, carrying four guns and flying an admiral's pennant, was unusually bold. She came several times to our lines, and sometimes passed them, then tacked and returned up the bay. Now we have strict orders not to let any of these *young* men-of-war pass out to sea, lest they should injure our commerce. The question therefore for us is: does this schooner intend to profit by the fair wind, and give us the slip? In the afternoon she became so bold, that Col. Brown ordered Battery Scott, should she again cross the lines, to fire a shot through her rigging, and, if this should not check her course, to sink her. Late in the afternoon, the sprightly man-of-war was coming again down the bay before a strong breeze, apparently determined this time to "run our blockade." On she came, steering directly for the exit of the bay. About sunset she reached our lines. Hoping she would tack and run back, the commander of Battery Scott, Captain Robinson, waited till the last moment, till she was directly abreast of his battery. Let the consequences be what they may, he must obey orders. Trailing one of his heavy "James' Rifle" cannon on the young and proud man-of-war, he sent a ball across her bow, but she held on her way. He sent another ball, this time through the rigging, doing a little damage. This shot "brought her to;" she dropped anchor, hauled down her secession pennant, and all was again quiet. She remained under our guns till the return of the tide, when she weighed anchor and, without returning a shot, sailed up to Pensacola.

As this was the first cannon discharged at the enemy, it created considerable excitement on the island. We expected, of course, a response from the other side. Consequently the men in the fort and in the batteries were ordered to man their guns, and the infantry were served with forty rounds of ammunition. Our poor supper of salt pork, hard-tack and coffee without milk, which was just being prepared, was abandoned. We remained till a late hour in expectation of an attempt to vindicate Southern honor outraged by our summary interference with the intentions of the "rising navy;" the battle, however, ended with our own two shots.

From prudential motives, the authorities resolved to double the sentries and keep increased watchfulness over the enemy's movements.

New troubles arise. Over at the navy-yard, is a government floating dry dock, the most magnificent structure of the kind, they say, belonging to the United States. This, of course, fell into the hands of the South with the navy-yard. The day after the two shots were fired from Battery Scott, we could see hundreds of the enemy occupied in doing something with the dry dock. Though watching them closely with powerful glasses, we could come to no conclusion about what they were doing on board the dry dock. Next morning, the dock was floated out into the bay, and the great number of men was still on board busily engaged. A hostile intention was, of course, presumed. A council of war, to which I was gratuitously invited, was called. After an exchange of a few remarks, it was unanimously agreed not to permit any one to work on the dock. Captain Robinson, whose battery is in the brunt, received orders to enforce the decree of the council of war. Pointing his heavy guns at the valuable property, he fired a few shots in rapid succession, at it or through it, with no other result than the scattering of the hundreds on board of it. Like so many divers they plunged into the water and made for shore. We thought surely we were to have a battle now; but this ripple also passed off without bringing any return of compliments from Gen. Bragg, who commands the forces on the other side. They say his love for the old flag explains his pacific disposition.

Deserters from Pensacola brought us, some days after this little incident, Southern papers which contained laughable accounts of the fright caused on board the schooner and amongst those working on the dry dock by the few shots sent so dangerously near them. An indignation meeting, the deserters said, had been called by the people of Pensacola, to protest against the inactivity of Gen. Bragg, who refused to resent such an insult.

From spies and deserters we discovered that the fear of our cannon stopped the work on the dry dock, only during the day time; and that during night they continued to carry on their hostile preparations, whatever they were. Another council of war was called. The question proposed was, shall we destroy the dry dock, and thus effectively thwart the hostile designs of the enemy. The strong objection to this proposition was, that this dock belonged to the United States and had been constructed at a cost of over two mil-

lion dollars. It was contended that destroying the dock would be destroying our own property and injuring ourselves; and some maintained that an act of this kind would require the permission of Congress. It was, however, admitted by all that, if we failed to destroy the dock, the enemy would employ it to destroy us. Finally, on a vote being taken, it was found that a majority was in favor of its destruction. Captain Alexander N. Shipley, an experienced trooper of the plains, asked for the honor and danger of being entrusted with the perilous undertaking. His request was readily granted.

On Saturday, August 31st, many men went to confession, in expectation of being among those whom Shipley would select to share his honor. On Sunday, Sept. 1st, after Mass, the arranging of plans and selection of men most suitable for the expedition were begun. On Monday, Sept. 2nd, Captain Alexander N. Shipley coolly and confidently matured his plans, which were these: that he should have a light but strong boat manned by ten picked men, some charged shells, and a quantity of highly combustible material; and that very night he should go over and set fire to it. About 9 o'clock on the evening of Monday Sept. 2nd, 1861, we bade God-speed to Shipley and his little crew, who are all Catholics, and who had gone to confession just before starting. Launching their boat as noiselessly as possible, with muffled oars they made direct for the dry dock. The day had been excessively hot, even for Santa Rosa; the night was dark though not cloudy; not a breath of air stirred the surface of the extensive Bay of Pensacola; even the nocturnal mocking-bird, as if partaking of our anxiety, held his peace for once; crickets, bullfrogs and alligators were the only disturbers of the painful silence of that terrible night—terrible for what might be the result of our late rough handling of the enemy. The piercing scream and the flapping of the wings of the numerous water-fowls that collect in great swarms in these waters, and whose slumbers were now disturbed by the gliding of the boat amongst them, enabled us, to a certain degree, to follow the route our friends were pursuing. At last even these indications ceased, and we became alarmed for our brave companions. The beach was lined with officers and men whose eyes and ears were strained to their fullest tension to catch the least sign of their position on the tranquil water. "What has become of them?" "Have they missed the dry dock in the darkness?" "Has the tide, always very strong at the point they wished to reach, swept them where they did not wish to go?"

These were questions hastily whispered from one to another by all on the beach, hoping, however, that no discouraging answer would be given.

Captain Shipley and his men had taken with them, as I said, the most inflammable material and a few loaded shells which they were to place near the fire as soon as started, and which, by exploding, would help to spread the flames and deter people from daring to approach to extinguish the conflagration; they also brought with them a few signal rockets to inform us, in the last extremity, should any mishap befall them. Eleven o'clock came and went; the different reliefs of guard and picket were changed, and no news yet of our intrepid friends. At half past eleven exactly, we beheld the faint flickering of a flame like a candle-light, which instantaneously burst forth into a terrific blaze, enveloping a great part of the dock. "*Les voilà!*" exclaimed our little teetotum of a French cook. These were the first loud words spoken since the departure of the expedition, and all burst into a loud laugh. In a little while an explosion rent the air, and new flames shot up from the now doomed dry dock of Pensacola navy-yard.

About daylight the boat returned with its crew safe—at least all alive. They found, it is said, some men on the dock: in the scuffle that ensued no firearms were used, and no prisoners were taken. Before setting fire to the dock they distinctly heard the crowd on shore, who were probably coming out to work. Capt. Shipley thought, from the work begun, that the Southerners intended changing the dock into a powerful floating battery. It continued to burn for four nights and three days, changing its location in the bay at every flow and ebb of tide. At night it cast a terrific and, to some minds, an ominous glare over land, gulf and bay. Some pretended to see queer spirits gathering nightly around the moving fires, and could hear them deliberate about the fate of the republic.

All felt sure that this last attack on Southern defences would undoubtedly bring on a battle, and all preparations were made on our side. Yet, Gen. Bragg, or some authority, has resolved not to notice this summary interference with Southern plans in these waters. Papers brought over by refugees and deserters had spiteful articles about "Yankee boldness and brutality," and severe criticisms of the conduct of those who failed to prevent all this when they could have done it, or who now idly fold their arms and placidly look on whilst the havoc is being committed. But in spite of all this, the end of the war does not seem to be nearer.

Alas! alas! when shall we be friends again? Pray that this war-curse may be speedily removed, and that the people may learn from it a lesson beneficial to their souls.

Yours truly in Christ,
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

Correspondence.

(*Concluded.*)

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

MONTEREY, Nov. 10th, 1846.

Rev. and dear Father Superior,

P. C.

Since your favor of Oct. 3rd, which I answered by return of mail, I have had no news from Your Reverence. I suppose you still enjoy good health and are doing much good at Matamoras. I received a letter from Fr. Provincial a week ago. The principal items in it were: the death of our dear scholastic, Hugh McCaffrey, and the acquisition for the novitiate of Mr. Hoban, of Washington, and of Rev. Mr. Gallagher. Fr. Samuel Barber is socius to the master of novices, and Fr. Wm. Clarke *curat valetudinem* at Bohemia.

After much inquiry as to the loss on the part of the Mexicans, during the attack on Monterey, I have come to the conclusion that there must have been at least three hundred men killed and three hundred or more wounded. This is two hundred more than the number given in my last letter.

General Taylor received despatches from Washington last week by a special courier, Major Graham, in answer to his official communications after the battle. The terms of capitulation, especially the armistice of eight weeks, are disapproved, and he is ordered to prosecute the war with energy. In consequence of this order, preparations are being made for the movement of the troops. The 2nd division, commanded by Gen. Worth, will start next Thursday for Saltillo, where it is to remain to protect our rear from the enemy. General Butler's division, reorganized and now comprising, I think, the First Ohio and the First Kentucky Regiments,

who took part in the attack on Monterey, and the Second Ohio and Second Kentucky, are to be stationed here with some artillery. The other volunteers will start for Tampico with the first division, commanded by Gen. Twiggs. General Patterson's division, with the volunteers now at Camargo, will meet them at Victoria, and march with them to Tampico. General Taylor will then have massed at Tampico an army of 700 men. The question now arises, what shall I do. If this movement of troops should render your presence unnecessary at Matamoras, you might come here to Monterey, as it is the most central place for the troops left in this province; I would then follow Gen. Taylor's army. If you decide to remain at Matamoras, I do not yet know what I shall do. Be so kind, therefore, as to write to me immediately and help me, by your good advice or direction, to find out what is the will of God. I suppose it will take about two weeks before Gen. Taylor can be ready to start for Tampico; I hope to have an answer from you before that time.

Several of our wounded died; others, in greater numbers, have left for their respective states; those still here are nearly all doing well. Many of our soldiers here have been attacked by fever and ague; some few have died: I have been kept constantly busy in attending the sick and dying. I can now make myself understood tolerably well in Spanish, and can understand nearly everything said to me in the same language; I find this a great advantage.

I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices,

Your very devoted brother and servant in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Nov. 20th, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

The last letter I received from you was the one describing the siege of Monterey, I sent it to Rev. Fr. Provincial. I wrote to you on the 4th inst. and have not heard from you since; I fear that you may be sick or that your letter may have been missent. Be pleased to write as soon as you receive this. My latest news from Georgetown is contained in Fr. Provincial's letter of Oct. 23rd. Bp. Whelan is anxious to have a house of Ours at Richmond, so Rev. Fr. Provincial went to Richmond; he thinks it would be a good place for a day-school and has written to Fr. General to tell

him about it . . . . A large number of troops arrived from the States, and are encamped opposite Burita awaiting further orders; some say they are to embark at the Brazos for Vera Cruz. There was a report in town yesterday, that the Mexicans had made a proposal to negotiate with the United States and that hostilities would be again suspended. I do not know what credit the report deserves . . . . We have had a number of cases of fever and ague here during the present month; there are about two hundred sick in the hospitals now, but only two or three are in immediate danger.

Please inquire about Charles Gould of the Baltimore regiment of volunteers commanded by the late Col. Watson; his mother has written to me and is anxious to hear about him. I sent for him when the regiment passed through here, and he promised to go to confession to your Reverence. Sister Mary Eugenia, of the Visitation Convent, Baltimore, has written to me inquiring about her brother, Joseph B. Millard and her brother-in-law, Capt. F. Brittan; both are in the Washington Volunteers; please let me know about them . . . . There are no regular troops here; we are trusting entirely to the volunteers for protection.

MATAMORAS Nov. 25th, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

My last letter to you was on the 20th inst.; that evening yours of the 10th was brought to me, and I would have answered before this but for another attack of fever and ague by which I was seized on the same evening. Yesterday I had my chill and fever, and am to-day taking quinine, which, I hope, will effect a cure and prevent a relapse.

At this distance, I am unable to give you the advice you ask of me; it rests with you to see whether it is more *ad majorem Dei gloriam* to remain in Monterey, or to accompany the army. Keeping the same motto in view, I could not leave this post, knowing as I do the good that is to be effected here, and being uncertain of what might be done at Monterey. There are three regiments of volunteers stationed here, and a company of artillery in garrison at Fort Brown. Besides these, we have, at all times, a number of transient troops; at present, a regiment of Tennessee cavalry and several companies of recruits, are encamped near the town. I heard the confessions of a number of the recruits last week. Many sick soldiers are sent into the hospitals from these regiments; I gave all the sacraments to three persons last

week, two of them have since died. I cannot leave a certain good for anything uncertain.

Since Tampico has been taken by our naval forces, Gen. Taylor may be led to change his plan of operations. It is said that his intention is now to secure all the principal posts he has taken in the different departments, as the government wishes to retain them. To effect this, he may concentrate all his forces at one point, perhaps Tampico, to be ready for further operations in January next, if peace is not declared. The troops now collecting at the Brazos and at Burita, are to go to Tampico, which is to become the base of operations; supplies can be brought there by sea: this will greatly facilitate the advance of our army on San Luis, or even on the city of Mèxico . . . . Since writing the above, I have received this day's paper, which I send you; it corroborates my information . . . . Last night and to-day we have been having a "norther;" it blew a gale last night, and is quite cold to-day. At this moment, I learn that the recruits of whom I spoke above are on board the steamer that goes from Camargo to the mouth of the river; there they are to embark for Tampico . . . . Praying our Lord to direct you by his Holy Spirit, and to preserve your health for his greater honor and glory,

I remain your devoted brother in Christ,

JOHN MCELROY, S. J.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

MONTEREY, Nov. 30th, 1846.

Rev. and dear Fr. Superior,

P. C.

I wrote to Your Reverence on the 9th of this month, with regard to the probable movement of our troops and begged you, at the same time, to advise me as to what, in your opinion, was best to be done *ad majorem Dei gloriam.* I requested an immediate answer, yet the latest mail has brought me no letter from Your Reverence; your last was dated Nov. 4th. The main body of Gen. Taylor's army will soon be in Victoria, midway between Monterey and Tampico, where the men are likely to be stationed for some time, as Tampico is already in the possession of our navy. Should you like to go to Victoria, which is not as far from Matamoras as it is from Monterey, I would remain here in the North, and occasionally visit Saltillo and other places where divisions of our army might be encamped. If you have not already written to advise me of your wishes, please

do so without delay. I think it advisable *ad majorem Dei gloriam* that the bishop of Texas be again requested to give us one of his clergymen as a companion. For more than two months, I think, there has been a large force of our men at Camargo, and many are sick and dying without spiritual consolation or assistance, as both of us have been employed elsewhere. Now that our army will be more widely scattered and very likely more numerous, as it is reported that reinforcements are leaving the States to come here, I would direct your attention to this subject. Mr. Malachy Reilly is very well, he distinguished himself in the storming of Monterey, I think he has written lately to his beloved wife; hence all mystery or cause of fear about him is removed. I visited Saltillo recently, as I thought it would help on the end and object of our mission if I were to go there and officiate, with due solemnity, on the first Sunday after our troops had occupied the town. I left here on Wednesday the 18th, with my orderly or servant, and arrived in Saltillo on the following day; the distance is sixty-five miles. We were both on horseback, and rode thirty miles the first day and thirty-five the second; twenty miles of the road we found exceedingly rough and stony, the rest of it was pretty good.

On my arrrival, I went at once to see the Rev. Pastor, Dr. Sanchez, who received me with the greatest cordiality, and invited me with so much kindness to stay in his house, that I thought it but right to accept the invitation. The following days I visited the town, the camp of Gen. Taylor, who will never stay in a town if he can avoid it, and the soldiers' hospital, where I found a large number of patients. I heard three confessions, and administered extreme unction to a dying soldier; Fr. Sanchez accompanied me, and promised to help the dying as well as he could in my absence. On Sunday, I sang High Mass, Fr. Sanchez acting as deacon, and one of his curates as subdeacon; the musicians of the 5th Infantry played the organ and sang the Kyrie, etc. Many of our officers and privates were present, together with a great crowd of Mexicans; over two hundred of the latter remained with our Americans after Mass, to hear the English discourse that I delivered on the last judgment. Every one seemed pleased with the discourse and with the High Mass. The church is about the same in size and shape as St. John's, Frederick; it is very richly adorned. The exterior is a mixture of all styles of architecture, without symmetry, but laden with a mass of sculptured ornaments. I left Saltillo on Tuesday, and reached here the following

evening, in time to give extreme unction to a soldier who died the next morning.

MONTEREY, Dec. 8th, 1846.

Rev. and dear Father Superior,

P. C.

I received, on Sunday last (Dec. 6th), your letters of Nov. 20th and 25th, for both of which I return you many thanks. You see that the mail is pretty slow, and that we must have a little patience in waiting for answers to our letters . . . Charles Gould is very well; I told him about two weeks ago to write to his mother. Mr. Joseph B. Millard is well; Capt. F. Brittan is in the commissary department at Camargo. I am sorry to see that the fever has got hold of you; should it become worse, I would consider it my duty to pay you a visit, that we might consider together the advisability of your return to the United States. But I hope that the fever season is over now, and that your health is not only improved but entirely restored. My own health has been and still is very good. The Sunday before last, however, there was no service, as I had been sick during the night; I suffered from biliousness for a few days after. We have had several cases of fever and diarrhœa among our men during the last two months, but very few were serious. I am in hopes that the approaching winter will put an end to these diseases; I say the approaching winter, for although the nights are pretty cool now, the heat, during the middle of the day, is so great as to cause serious discomfort to those who have to walk or ride exposed to the sun.

Mr. Malachy Reilly went to his duties this morning; he will soon leave here for Victoria. General Taylor, with a force of from two to three thousand men, will start for Victoria during the present week or, at latest, on Sunday next; Gen. Patterson and his division will join him on the way. When they shall have taken possession of Victoria, Gen. Taylor will go as far as Tampico to examine that place. When he has obtained the information he desires, he will appoint one of his generals to command at Victoria and Tampico, and return with his staff to Saltillo, where he will establish his headquarters. Hence, I have determined to remain here for the present, as I can be of no service to the troops on the march. Since there will be but few of our soldiers here at Monterey during December, I intend to visit Gen. Worth's division, and to spend my Christmas at Saltillo; after that I shall go to Parras, where Gen. Wool is with his division. On my return, I shall remain here over

Sunday, and then visit the garrison at Camargo, and, if not prevented by unforeseen events, I shall go to Matamoras, where I expect to be about Jan. 20th. We shall then be able to determine where the greater glory of God requires us to fix our headquarters,—your Reverence perhaps at Victoria or Tampico, and I at Monterey or Saltillo. Be so kind as to write to me about twice a month, and especially notify me of any change of residence. I shall do the same.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Dec. 12th, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

Yours of the 30th of Nov., written five days after my last to you, has just come to hand. I most cordially agree with you in desiring another priest; I have bewailed our need of one ever since you left Camargo, where, from all accounts received, not less than three hundred persons must have died without assistance, the mortality there having been even greater than it was here: had Mr. Estagny remained with us, that should have been his place: I fear there is little hope of obtaining another priest from good Bishop Odin now; I shall, however, write to him forthwith, and urge upon him the necessity of sending us help. . . . . If you think that greater good can be done by dividing your time between Monterey and Saltillo, than by accompanying the army, remain where you are by all means; if Gen. Taylor is to return to Monterey, that will be the best field for your zealous endeavors. It was rumored of late that our hospital here was to be broken up; the rumor is now contradicted, and a change of physicians only is to be made; probably the sick at Camargo will in future be brought down here. Work among these, as well as among the troops stationed here and those who pass through to the interior, will afford as much profitable occupation as I could get at any other post. There are fifty Catholic soldiers at Fort Brown, and here in Matamoras are sixty soldiers' wives, nearly all Catholics, besides about a hundred English-speaking Catholic residents of this town. All these form quite a respectable congregation. Besides, there is this advantage in being located in the same place for some time, — when it can be done, one becomes known, especially in his daily visits to the hospitals, the former inmates make him known to the new-comers, and he can treat with them freely and familiarly, and frequently with success. In this way, I have been

able to receive into the Church a large number who have since died, and, I trust, happily; I have given the last sacraments to twelve persons in danger of death.

As for conciliating the natives by travelling among them, I believe we have done little; they seem to increase in hostility, day by day, towards all Americans. Our Lord had other views than those of the President in sending us here; I hope he will give us grace to carry them out for his own honor. Were we indeed four instead of two, we should still have enough to do; one could be with Gen. Wool's division and another with the army on its march, etc. But I trust that the congresses of both republics, now in session, will devise ways and means of effecting a peace.

You will hear with surprise of the death of Mr. John O'Reilly, the merchant who was so kind to us on our arrival here; he left for New Orleans on the 12th of last month, and died on the day after he reached there.—R. I. P.

There are nearly two hundred sick in our hospital now. . . . . General Patterson is here making arrangements to march to Victoria with about one thousand seven hundred volunteers. There has been, and there is yet, a great deal of fever and ague in this town, but it has not proved fatal; I have been freed from it after two attacks, and, thank God, my health is now good.

MATAMORAS, Dec. 17th, 1846.

Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,

P. C.

Yours of the 8th inst. came to hand to-day. I answer it at once to let you know that Camargo is to be in part evacuated, at least as far as the sick are concerned; one hundred of them were brought down a few days ago and we expect the rest every day; with them come doctors, medicines, hospital furniture, etc. We are thus assured that the hospital here is to remain as it is now, a general hospital, during the war. I think your intended arrangements, as detailed in your letter, are very good; should it be in your power to visit us next month I shall be much pleased at your doing so, if you can leave the sick without danger to them.

We had a mail from the North to-day; no letters from Ours. Gen. Scott was to sail from New York for Tampico on the 30th ultimo, the object of his coming was not known; some conjecture that his mission is pacific, others think that he comes to take command.

Our hospitals begin to be filled up again, we have nearly three hundred sick at present. Dr. Wright, I regret to say,

leaves us; he is to go to Victoria with Gen. Patterson, whose column will take up the march on Sunday next, Dec. 20th. My health, thank God, is now good; the weather here is pleasant; I wish you a Happy Christmas and the same for the New Year.

I am your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOHN MCELROY, S. J.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY [1]

MONTEREY, Jan. 4th, 1847.

Reverend Father Superior,

P. C.

I have received your favors of Dec. 12th and 17th, for which I return you many thanks; I cannot as yet travel to the South or to the East, as I have here in Monterey about five hundred sick and wounded, besides the garrison of about two thousand men, regulars and volunteers; and in Saltillo, about two hundred sick and an army of five thousand men, Gen. Wool having united his forces with those of Gen. Worth. All are under the command of Major General Butler. Since you are nearer to Victoria, and less engaged at Matamoras than I am at Monterey and Saltillo, I think you could more easily take care of the army there. It is now about five thousand strong, and ought not to be neglected for any length of time, as among the two thousand regulars now on the way thither, nearly one half are Catholics. Should you prefer to establish your residence at Monterey, which is more central and will always be a general hospital town and strongly garrisoned, I would have no objection to taking charge of the other places alone, at least until we can get a companion; I would spend about two weeks in each town where there might be an American force of two thousand men or more. Finally, if you determine to stay in Matamoras altogether, I shall be obliged to leave Monterey and Saltillo, for a time, without a chaplain, so that I may visit, at least once during Lent, those portions of our army which are in Victoria and Tampico. However, I leave the whole matter to your consideration and care, and shall act according to your direction. Since my last, we have had many rumors of war, and great movements of troops. Gen. Taylor, having left Monterey with the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 7th regular infantry regiments, and several companies of artillery and dragoons, as well as with the Tennessee, Georgia

[1] Endorsed in Fr. McElroy's handwriting: "Fr. Rey, Jan. 4, '47. This was the last I received from him."

and Mississippi volunteers, and having had his force still further augmented by the addition of the 2nd regular infantry from Camargo, had advanced as far as Monte Morales, seventy miles from Monterey, when he received an express from Gen. Worth stating that Santa Anna, with a large force of men, was within two days' march of Saltillo, on the road from San Luis Potosi: The Ohio and Kentucky volunteers stationed here were ordered to march at once to Saltillo with Col. May's dragoons. Gen. Wool advanced from Parras to the mountain-pass, within ten miles of Saltillo, and Gen. Taylor came back to Monterey, where he learned that all the commotion had been caused by a false alarm; the Mexicans were not threatening Saltillo. Finding this to be the case, I determined to go to Saltillo as I had previously planned, and, accordingly, I left Monterey for that place on Dec. 22nd. On the following day, General Taylor resumed the march to Victoria which has been already occupied by Gen. Quitman.

On Christmas day, an express to Gen. Wool again announced that the Mexican army was advancing on Saltillo. Officers and men were at once ordered under arms, and the volunteers, who were encamped out of town, were marched into the city. I thought this too might be a false alarm, so I rode about three miles out of town, on the road to San Luis Potosi. I returned about 5 o'clock P. M., at which time the men were allowed to retire to their quarters to take dinner; but alas! the fine turkeys, which some of the officers had left roasting on the fires with no one to care for them, were burnt to a crisp. Well, patience! one cannot expect better fortune in time of war. But some other turkeys had to pay for the mischance on the following Sunday. I preached in Saltillo on Sunday, and left for Monterey the next day. During my stay I heard twelve confessions, and administered the last sacraments to one of our soldiers. Since my return, I have annointed five of our soldiers; others, too, who are very sick, require my particular attention. Henceforth the garrison of the citadel, six hundred men, will be marched to the church on Sundays. They will give good example to the volunteers, and prevent misbehavior in the church.

MONTEREY, Jan. 11th, 1847.[1]

Rev. and dear Father,

P. C.

I received a letter from Rev. Fr. Provincial yesterday, in which he says that, if Your Reverence be of little service in Matamoras, you ought not to go to the army, as you could not endure the fatigues and privations of the camp, and that I must not be surprised if you should return to Georgetown and leave me in Mexico alone. From these expressions I conclude that you will not proceed any further than Matamoras, and that you will ere long leave that city to return to the United States. Consequent upon this, it is now my intention, if the weather permit and nothing else interfere to change my resolution, to start on next Monday, Jan. 18th, for Matamoras, where, with the help of God, I expect to be on the 24th of this month.

You know that Gen. Scott has been at Camargo, and, in consequence of his late orders, most of the regular troops are in motion for Camargo, Matamoras, and Tampico. It seems that he will march, as soon as possible, against Vera Cruz; he is to leave Gen. Taylor in these northern provinces to protect them from any attack of the Mexicans. I shall remain in Monterey until I find out whether or not I am likely to stay longer than a year in Mexico, I shall find plenty of occupation in these provinces while I am waiting. I have no other news later than what is contained in my last of the 5th inst., which you have, no doubt, already received.

I commend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Jan. 19th, 1847.

Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,

P. C.

Yours of the 4th inst., just received, has relieved me of much anxiety. I feared you were sick, as I had not heard from you since the 10th of last month; thank God you are well and attending to your duties A. M. D. G. In the first place, I must state that, from my own knowledge of the spiritual wants of the army, and of the sick and dying more especially, and from your suggestions made to me, I wrote to the Very Rev. Mr. Barry, Vicar General of Charleston,

[1] This was the last letter written by Fr. Rey.

who had begged me, in several letters, to obtain from his bishop permission for him to come and labor with us. I told him that his presence with us at this time would be very useful for the good of souls, and that, although I was not authorized to invite any one except a Spanish priest to join us at government expense, yet I would cheerfully share my income with him, and that he should not want for food, raiment, etc. I requested him to ask the bishop's permission himself, and he sent my letter to the bishop, but permission was not granted. This I learned two days ago from a letter he sent me. I saw a notice of Bishop Odin's sailing for New Orleans some time ago, which prevented my writing to him, as I knew not where to address him. I do not now know where I can apply for help with any prospect of success, and must leave all to our Lord.

2. All things considered, I am of opinion that I should remain at this post for the present; we had here very recently four hundred sick soldiers, with two regiments of volunteers, and one company of regulars, besides from fifty to sixty soldiers' wives, most of whom are Catholics; were I to leave here they must be abandoned. My inability to ride on horseback would unfit me for work at Saltillo, as I am told that the road from Monterey to that town is impassable for a carriage.

3. With your experience of what can be done with the Catholic soldiers, you are the best judge as to the way in which your time may be most usefully spent. If you conclude to visit Victoria or Tampico before Easter, I have at present no objection, still I would thank you if you apprized me of your projected visit in time to allow of my answering your letter before you leave Monterey.

4. Although there is at present no prospect of peace, humanly speaking, still I confidently hope that our Lord will give us that blessing ere long; this would relieve us and enable us to join our brethren in Maryland. Many changes will be made in the position of troops before Easter. Gen. Scott is now at the Brazos, preparing for his expedition to Vera Cruz; as is thought here, he will call at Tampico and take thence all available forces; perhaps too he will take those that are now at Victoria.

5. I hope you have received the *ordo* for 1847, Fr. Vespré sent me duplicate copies by different mails; I shall send you a copy, if you have not received your own.

6. To my former daily occupations, I have added, for the last few months, the teaching of a class of boys. I have now nine whom I teach two hours a day; I give them the essentials in English and catechism (which I teach to all alike,

Protestants as well as Catholics) and Mass-serving; two of the boys assist me at Mass every day with edification. I have also a class of female children, nine in number, ranging from seven to fourteen years of age, to whom I teach the catechism for two hours every day. Four of these children have never been baptized, I hope to prepare these for baptism, and a few others with them for First Communion, which they will receive about Easter. All of them are the children of persons connected with the army.

MATAMORAS, Feb. 15th, 1847.[1]

Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,

P. C.

My last to you was on the 19th of January. On the following day, I received yours of the 11th, imparting to me the pleasing news that I might expect you on the 24th. Since the receipt of your letter, I have not heard a word from you in any way, and this causes me no little uneasiness; I conclude that you must have written and that your letter has gone astray. Do write on receipt of this and relieve my anxiety. I had a letter from the Provincial, stating in substance what you communicate; I answered His Reverence, and now await his answer to fix the time of my departure, which will not be, I think, until after Easter. We have only one regiment here, the Indiana Volunteers; all the regulars have been taken by Gen. Scott. There are but few sick in the hospital. I have but little to do. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, from Rochester, New York, arrived here on Saturday, and preached for us yesterday. He will be detained here some weeks, settling the estate of his late brother, the merchant of whose death I notified you. He lodges with me. I recommend myself to your holy sacrifices.

I am yours sincerely in Christ,

JOHN MCELROY, S. J.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR TO FR. MCELROY.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp at Monterey, Mexico,
April 13th, 1847.

My dear Sir,

Your very kind and congratulatory letter of the 16th ultimo was received yesterday, and, for its expressions of

[1] Endorsed in Fr. McElroy's handwriting: "This letter Fr. Rey never received, having been put to death in the meantime; it was returned to me, as well as that of the 19th."

hearty sympathy with our army in its labors and success, my warm thanks are as heartily returned.

Your anxious inquiries in regard to the fate of our excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Rey, I am sorry to say I am unable to answer with any satisfaction. Many inquiries have been addressed to persons connected with the wagon-trains which were attacked by the enemy, and his journey traced to one of them, but it is impossible to determine whether he is a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, or has met with a sadder fate. Trust me that I shall continue to interest myself warmly in his fate, and hope most truly that he has been spared by the enemy, and that soon some light will be thrown upon the circumstances of his absence.

I am, most sincerely, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR.

The Rev. John McElroy,
Chaplain U. S. A.
Matamoras.

COLONEL JOSEPH TAYLOR TO FR. MCELROY.

MATAMORAS, May 17th, 1847.

My dear Father McElroy,

Several days since, I forwarded the trunks belonging to the late lamented Fr. Rey to Major Eastland, *via* the mouth of the Rio Grande, and sincerely hope they may arrive in time for you to take them with you. I had them put up in good strong boxes and, I think, quite secure.

Accept my best wishes for your health and safe return to your home.

Very truly yours,
J. F. TAYLOR.

P. S. The express is just starting, and I write in a great hurry.

Rev. Father McElroy,
Brazos Island,
Texas.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR TO FR. MCELROY.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp near Monterey, Mexico,
June 1st, 1847.

My dear Sir,

Your very kind letter of May 10th, written from Matamoras before your departure for the United States, was received in due time.

Although much occupied, and particularly with an increased private correspondence, I cannot pass over your letter without acknowledging my grateful appreciation of your esteem, and permit me at the same time to express my regrets that, though your labors in the sacred office have been of so much good, you were unable to accomplish one of the great objects of your mission to this country.

It would have been much more agreeable to me to have had the pleasure of expressing my sense of your faithful services before you left the country, but my letter will find you in the circle of your friends, and it may prove quite as agreeable to you to know that, though your presence is denied to us, you will always be remembered. It is to us a source of high pleasure, that we have in our intercourse met with your sympathy and warm good will. We all wish you prosperity and health, and shall ever feel great interest in your welfare; in this no one is more sincere than I am.

It is much to be regretted that no further intelligence can be obtained of the fate of your reverend and estimable colleague, Mr. Rey; details have, on inquiry, come to my knowledge which, though doubtful, in their minute character, as to truth, nevertheless seem to confirm the general belief of his having been wilfully murdered, even with the knowledge of his sacred profession. Should absolute facts come to my knowledge, I shall inform you.

Accept for yourself my high esteem and regard, and the hope that I may yet have the pleasure of meeting you again.

Yours most sincerely,
(Signed) Z. TAYLOR, MAJOR GENERAL,
U. S. Army.

Rev. John McElroy,
Georgetown College,
Georgetown, D. C.

INNSBRUCK.

UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE, INNSBRUCK,
February 1st, 1888.

DEAR FATHER,

In answer to your request, so deftly and so kindly urged, I feel myself simply forced to yield and literally to give my conquered hands, as the Latins put it, to a letter from and about Innsbruck.

The following is probably the usual preconceived, not to say prejudiced, picture of the capital of the Tirol presented by the imagination:—A quaint old town either well up the side of a mountain, or perched on a summit; streets narrow and crooked; houses dingy and weather-beaten; people in dress and ideas a couple of centuries late; men in knee-breeches and sugar-loaf hats ornamented with feathers; women attired after the gaudy fashion of the figures around a Christmas crib, or in the style so familiar to us from maps of national costumes some fifteen or twenty years ago, that were supposed to represent an actual state of things: castles, towers, turrets, moats and draw-bridges, in more or less advanced stages of neglect or decay, are probably thrown in to complete the romantic picture. This, at least, in a confused way, was once my idea of Innsbruck, and I have good reason for believing that others have been equally fertile in fancy. Yet such a representation is, or would be, all wrong.

Innsbruck is neither on a mountain-side nor on a hill-top, but in the very centre of a valley, that smiles, like most valleys, in summer, though just at present it is anything but pleasant to look upon; the streets are not narrow and crooked, but wide and straight, and furnished with side-walks; the houses are not dingy and antiquated, but bright and modern; in fact, the city, in all material comforts, is modern enough to be convenient and uninteresting. About the ideas of the people it would be difficult for me to express an opinion, for many reasons, the principal one, however, but of itself all-sufficient, being our mutual ignorance of each other's vehicle of communication; this is very inconvenient for me; modesty will hardly allow me to suggest that it may be a great loss for the other party also. Yet, as far as we may judge from externals, they are much the same as city folks all the world over; for it is not in cities that na-

tional characteristics are to be sought for. The stove-pipe hat, and the frock coat, those two great civilizers and emblems of advanced culture, are as common here as elsewhere. If you saw without hearing, and could at the same time prescind from the multitudinous forms gorgeously decked in military splendor, you might imagine yourself in some thriving, enterprising little town of the western world — Frederick, for instance. (These epithets and the comparison are not made at random but are the result of deliberate reflection.) But your ears would soon dispel the illusion, and the vast proportion, or rather disproportion, of the inhabitants, clad so resplendently, "only to be kilt" as Mr. Free expressed it, would likely cause you to feel grateful that, after all, it was not an American town. Here, as elsewhere on the continent, every person so unfortunate as to be of the masculine gender and singular number is compelled to serve in the army; it is the old Spartan law over again; yet, to the honor of Catholic Austria be it mentioned, that ecclesiastical students are practically exempted from the hardships of this law, and that the Church is freed from the grievances that press so heavily upon her in consequence thereof in France and Italy.

The Valley of the Inn is one of the many plains—and the largest, I believe—formed by interruptions in the Alpine chains. It is a perfectly level plateau some ten or twelve square miles in area, eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, which fact confers upon Innsbruck the distinction of being the highest city in Europe. The measurement here given is in Austrian feet, which, to our common mortification, I have been told, are somewhat smaller than American feet. I tried to remove the imputation by asserting that Americans had no feet of their own, but that these, like the language, were borrowed, for the time being, from the English—something startling, physiologically. On account of this great elevation, the winter in the valley is severe, while only a few miles away there are districts of perpetual spring —as Meran for example—to which invalids flock from all parts of the world. But no invalid, and indeed no healthy man, would come to Innsbruck for that purpose. I cannot tell you how low the thermometer falls, for I am completely at sea in this thermometer business; in America, Fahrenheit; in Italy, Centigrade; in Germany, Réaumur;—it is too much to give up the convictions of a lifetime for mere local fancies, so I never think of consulting a thermometer any more, except that which nature has provided, and this tells me that it is at times very cold in Innsbruck. Snow began

to come in October, and is still coming, and will continue until May: sleighing and skating are very excellent, but, above all, coasting, which offers splendid opportunities for dislocating a collar bone; it is a business here no less than an amusement, being utilized for bringing down timber from the surrounding hills.

It is said that the Valley of the Inn would be sterile and uninhabitable if it were not for the beneficent influence of the scirocco. In this disagreeable wind is verified the old saying: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" for, beneficial as it is to vegetable life, it is anything but pleasant to human existence. I had often experienced it in Rome, where it produced a feeling of lassitude and helplessness that rendered any intellectual or manual work difficult; one simply lasted until it passed away, usually after a couple of days. But here its effects are more painful. Innsbruck is the limit of its travel, and it seems true to say that its sting is in the tail; for, to the enervating effects it produces everywhere, there are added here headache, feverishness and nervous excitability, from which few even of the stout Germans escape; and acclimatization is, in most cases, no security. The city of Innsbruck lies directly in the track of the scirocco, which comes up from Italy through the narrow opening of the Brenner, for there are towns and villages only a few miles away where these disagreeable effects are never felt. September, October and the early spring, are the ordinary seasons of its visitation, but even in the depth of winter it is apt to make an unwelcome call, cleaning away in a single night all the snow that covers the valley and the mountain-tops. In this connection a curious fact is related, viz., that sand from the African desert has been found on the surrounding mountains, blown thither by the scirocco. I hasten to disclaim all responsibility for this tale; but if it be true, it shows how needless it is for us to follow the eloquent counsel of the great orator, to go to the burning sands of Africa, since the burning sands of Africa very kindly come to us.

The valley is surrounded on all sides by immense mountain-peaks, bare and rocky, which, especially on the North, separating the Tirol from Bavaria, stand up sheer and perpendicular, great walls of rock towering up into the clouds and forming an impassable barrier against foreign invasion and enterprise. Wherever one turns, mountains piled on mountains meet the eye, some, far above the snow-line, enclosing miles of glaciers that it would gladden the heart of many a Woodstock scientist to investigate. From these mountains two impetuous streams (they can hardly be called

rivers) rush frantically through the valley in a chronic state of exasperation—the Sill and the Inn—and from the latter, in conjunction with some bridge that formerly spanned its rapid though clear blue waters, the town upon its banks is named.

Although surrounded, we are not completely hemmed in, as there are passes in several directions which the railroads have utilized with skill and much expense, I imagine; and it would be difficult to find a university better suited for the vacation rambles of its students, who are free to avail themselves of such opportunities. It may be unnecessary to add that the travelling advantages of the Jesuit students are much the same as those of Woodstock—nay less, for the villa is within walking distance, and medical specialists of every description, all Vienna-trained, abound in the city. Within view is the famous Brenner Pass—the highest railroad in Europe not a cable road, leading down into Italy only seven or eight hours away; Munich, famous for beer and music, is a journey of three hours by rail on account of the circuitous route, though actually scarcely more than sixty miles distant,—indeed one of the long walks of the students is into Bavaria; the most romantic regions of Switzerland are separated from us only by the scarcely less romantic Vorarlberg; while a night's travel will leave you in Vienna, the gay capital of the empire, by the banks of the blue Danube.

This description of our situation will suffice for a composition of place; if more be desired, any gazetteer will give a much more detailed and interesting account—and it may be well worth the reading. Innsbruck, though somewhat noted, in recent years, for its stained-glass factories and its mosaic works, is principally famous only on account of its university, and to this, perhaps, quite as much as to the sirocco, its very existence is due.

The university is a government institution, just like the army or navy, and the professors of every faculty, not excepting the theological, are appointed by imperial decree. It can in no wise, therefore, be called a Catholic university, as Louvain, for instance; for, since the professors are government appointees, they will represent naturally the political views (and here this includes also religious questions) of the party that happens to be in power, liberal or conservative as the case may be. From this category, of course, the theological faculty is to be excluded; and I take it for granted that the meaning of "liberal" in European politics is well known. Yet, on account of the relation between Church and State in Austria, the professors in the university,

like other state officers, whether believers or unbelievers, are, on certain occasions, obliged to show official deference to the religion of the empire, by assisting decorously at divine worship;—as on the Emperor's birthday, in the Corpus Christi procession, etc.; and last December, for the same reason, they had to take part in the Pope's jubilee, for so the command came from Vienna. Unfortunately, by far the greater number of the secular professors at present are liberals; yet there are a few good practical Catholics, as Herr Pastor, the young though already famous disciple of Dr. Janssen, the celebrated historian of the Reformation in Germany.

I have by me a book entitled "History of the University of Innsbruck," but I shall not inflict upon you a synopsis; partly because it does not belong to my present purpose, and partly, if not principally, because the work mentioned is written in confusing German, in which tongue I can hardly yet be called even a novice but, at most, a dazed and timid postulant on first probation, wondering when the habit of speech will be given, and longing for it. I cannot resist the temptation to add, hoping you will not be offended thereat, that a more trying probation it would be difficult to undergo, and they are to be congratulated who passed it successfully before the use of reason came to show it in its true light, and to add to its difficulties. Let it be sufficient to say that the University of Innsbruck, after all the ups and downs it has experienced during the past two or three centuries, is now a university in the genuine meaning of the word, *universæ scientiæ*, embracing the four faculties of theology, law, medicine and philosophy, that are supposed to include all science, with all the rights and privileges accorded to such institutions.

The Academical Senate or Board of Directors, as it would probably be called in America, consists of fourteen members: the *rector magnificus*, the pro-rector, four deans, one representing each faculty, and, for the same reason, four pro-deans and four senators; to these offices, only professors of the university are eligible.

The *rector magnificus* is not so imposing as his title, and the office is ornamental rather than needful, and even the ornament is of a very light kind. His presence is supposed to add solemnity to certain functions; he signs certain documents, and hands degrees to successful aspirants; duties which require no vast amount of erudition nor any particular fitness in the art of ruling. Good nature and a solemn countenance, if they can go together, would be the best qualities for a *rector magnificus*. He makes his first public

appearance in the beginning of the year at the "handshaking" in the great hall of the university, on which occasion he stands off in one corner of the room and the new students walk up to him one by one, shake hands with him familiarly, in solemn silence, and then pass on to their seats; this impressive ceremony, which implies so much, has an equally impressive name—*der Handschlag;* he also presents the degrees in solemn silence, and, with like solemn stillness, he may be seen at civil or religious celebrations where the university has to be represented. The badge of office is a brass stick, called a sceptre, and a golden chain worn around the neck, like the collar of gold which Malachy won from the proud invader; but these precious emblems of rectorial authority are very seldom used. The office is annual, and by election; the electors, sixteen in number, are chosen by the professors, each faculty contributing four electors. The pro-rector is the retired *rector magnificus*, who, for a year, supplies when the actual incumbent is unable to shake hands, or to sign documents, or to hand the degrees; he is merely a *supplens pro vice.* Fr. Kobler, formerly of St. Francis Xavier's N. Y., and Fr. Wenig are the only Jesuits who ever occupied the stately office of *rector magnificus;* the latter was elected to it several times I think; with the present liberal preponderance in the professorial staff it is highly improbable that any Jesuit will again be elected for many a day to come; however, nobody's usefulness will be much impaired thereby, as is evident from the harmless functions of the office, and in itself the fact is not to be deplored.

Each faculty has its own dean, who must be a professor of that faculty, annually elected by the votes of the other professors of the same department. His duties are to transact all business with the students, to arrange the hours of examinations, to notify examiners, etc., in short, to do what is done by our prefect of schools. He too is entitled to a brass stick and a collar of gold on state occasions. The pro-deans are the retired deans who supply in case of emergency. In the same way each faculty elects one of its members to the senate or consulting body of the university; three years is the term of office, but its duties must be very indefinite, since one of the senators told me he did not himself know them; so that I can hardly be expected to explain them. The senators wear nothing;—of course I mean nothing indicative of their rank, though, in all else, they conform to the conventionalities.

In the university catalogue, wherever the different faculties are enumerated, theology holds the first place, the place of honor; and thus, theoretically at least, deference is shown

to it as the *Regina Scientiarum*. Philosophy, however, has the last place, and deservedly, for under that title is not included scholastic philosophy, the handmaid of the divine science. In university language, philosophy means any branch of science not embraced under the other three faculties; thus, mathematics, classics, geography, history, languages and modern philosophical vagaries come under that head; scholastic philosophy is a part of theology.

By referring to the university catalogue it will be seen that the teaching staff in each faculty is divided into *professors* and *privat-docenten* (such is the plural form of the German word *privat-docent* which I am forced to use here through ignorance of any English equivalent), a distinction likely to puzzle, since, as far at least as I know, there is nothing analogous in English or American colleges, with whose workings we are more familiar. As the cowl does not make the monk, so the holding of a chair in the university, and the right to teach, do not constitute a *professor*, for which a special government appointment is needed. Thus you will see in the catalogue this year that one of the lecturers of dogmatic theology is a *professor*, while the other is merely *privat-docent;* the expounder of one volume of Gury is likewise *professor*, while he who dilates and dictates concerning the other is *privat-docent*. This is entirely arbitrary and means only that one is acknowledged by the government as a professor with certain rights and privileges and obligations, while the other is only tolerated in the professorial chair, and can be dispossessed whenever it seems good to the authorities, or can leave without licence whenever it seems good to himself. Only the *professors* are state officials, between whom and the government a contract exists with mutual obligations; they are paid for their teaching, while the *privat-docenten* labor gratis and teach either for love of the work (which is not impossible in Germany) or with the hope of promotion to a vacant professorship (which motive is not impossible anywhere); moreover, the *professors* are compelled to retire when they reach their seventieth year, but they retire on full pay; only *professors* are electors, or eligible for university offices. The *privat-docenten* have sometimes to work for many years before being promoted to a professorship; some labor on thus in expectation for ten or fifteen, perhaps, even more years; for the promotions are not made in any regular order nor according to length of service, but simply as it may suit the fancy of the government—*stat pro ratione voluntas*. The *privat-docent* of six months may receive the coveted promotion, while a brother, who has struggled on for a dozen years, may have

to continue struggling on indefinitely, until the order comes to move up higher; it is a splendid example of selection, independently of all foreseen merits—*ante prævisa merita.* There are also a few others in the catalogue called *extraordinary professors;* I can only say that the epithet is not used in its obviously laudatory sense, but in some technical meaning unknown to me, and I never thought it worth the trouble of special inquiry, since the two divisions mentioned are the principal and regular ones; it is sufficient, therefore, to mention them.

The Society was expelled from Austria, by imperial decree, during the troubles of '48, but was permitted to return again in 1852, after the storm had blown over. The theologate of the province was reopened at Innsbruck; but, up to this time, Ours had no connection with the university, nor even, I believe, with the *gymnasium*, that had been under their control previous to the expulsion. A few years later, in 1857, the government determined to complete the faculties in the university, which, since the intermeddling of that little would-be pope, Joseph II., had been a university in name only, with neither a theological nor medical department; it was determined, therefore, to begin by restoring the faculty of theology. Mgr. Gasser, Bishop of Brixen, in which diocese Innsbruck is situated, one of the most distinguished prelates of his day, and a leader in the late Vatican Council, was, of course, consulted on a matter of such importance, and his opinion was, that an eclectic school of theology was an impossibility, and that the only way to conduct it with any hope of success, was to give it into the hands of a religious order, with traditions and a unity of doctrine, in important matters at least. His authority and his reasons prevailed, and so, in 1857, the theological department was entrusted to the Society, in whose hands it has since remained. Thus, the University of Innsbruck, in its theological faculty, presents the unique spectacle of Jesuits who are state officials, paid for their services out of the public treasury, and enjoying all the rights of such a position. I remember reading, sometime last year, in a Canadian paper hostile to Ours during the late unpleasantness, that if the bill, then before the legislature, passed, Canada would enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the only country in which the Society was recognized as a corporation: the writer probably knew nothing of Austria or Spain, or, perhaps, even Portugal. Here, we are not merely a corporation, but, in the university at least, an integral part of the government.

In the theological faculty there are two exceptions to the

statutes concerning professorships proper, which it will be well to note. The Jesuit professor retires, or is retired rather, at seventy, in accordance with the general regulation, but he enjoys no pension for past services; he simply returns to his original nothingness. This is due to no want of good will on the part of the government, which expressed its readiness to treat all alike, but superiors declined to avail themselves of the privileges of the pension law. The second exception is in regard to the examination for theological degrees. In the other faculties, as I have said, the examiners are appointed by the government, or, which comes to the same thing, are *professors* in the university; but for divinity examinations, the government appoints only one half of the board (two examiners), while the bishop of the diocese appoints the other two (any two doctors of theology recognized as such by the state); and as his standing appointments are the *privat-docenten* of theology, it happens that the teaching corps is also the examining board.

In America, with so many various openings for private enterprise, where the state interferes so little with the individual, and where all move precisely in the same plane, with equal chances for the goal (as far, at least, as that is possible), it is difficult to understand the importance, and even necessity, of state certificates and university degrees in Germany. They are no ornamental piece of parchment, tied with a colored ribbon, to be hung up in an office like a picture, yet signifying little beyond so many years of actual attendance at college, or the good will of an educational institution towards one more or less distinguished in social or political life; on the contrary, they are the hard-earned reward of serious toil, and a necessary means of satisfying literary or scientific ambition. Without a certificate or degree, there is no opening to the literary world, no entrance to the intellectual arena, no pass to the society of the learned; and without it, too, many ways of making a respectable livelihood are cut off; and, as all these testimonials are given by the same authority, viz., the state, there is no such thing as a high standard here and a low standard there, and, consequently, no shirking of the more honest exactions in one place to procure readier and easier honors elsewhere. The system has its imperfections, notably its uncalled-for intermeddling of the state with personal liberty; yet, there is an element of good in it, which all must recognize. The easiest way to show the importance of this state approbation will be to bring forward one or two instances. No school is recognized unless the director can produce a

certificate, showing that he has successfully passed through the required classes in the state *gymnasia*. Hence, in all our colleges, the director or prefect of studies, who represents the college before the state, must be a certificated graduate of the *gymnasia*. The consequences of this law are evidently inconvenient, and, until recently, in several of our colleges, a secular person, who had made the *gymnasium* course, was employed nominally as director, owing to the want of Jesuits duly qualified; and, only two years ago, a college was on the point of being closed because the director happened to die and there was no one to take his place. The college was saved, however, by another father, old in the service, offering himself to make the necessary studies and examinations before the state board — not an easy job, as it is conceivable that one may be a star of the first magnitude in all the sublime sciences, and a mere nebulous speck in geography, fractions, syntax, the art of penmanship and other cognate branches.

In the same way, no one can occupy a chair in the university, even as *privat-docent*, unless he be fortified with the degree of doctor in that particular branch which he aspires to teach. For this reason, all of Ours who teach in the university have had to make special studies and to pass special examinations, besides those proper to the Society and common everywhere. Supposing, first, the case of one, not of the Society, who goes for the doctorate of theology, the process is briefly as follows: he must spend four years in the theological course, during which time he has no repetitions to give nor examinations to make; these four years of attendance qualify him to present himself for the four examinations in the four special branches of theology which are demanded by the university; these are moral theology and sacred eloquence, dogma, scripture with oriental languages, and canon law. The examination in all is eight hours, two hours to each matter; but there must be an interval of at least three months between each examination, that is to say, *ad minimum* one must remain a year at the university after the four years of theology; but there are very few, indeed, who feel satisfied to present themselves for examination at intervals of three months, and six months is the time usually employed between the different attempts; thus, six years are consumed in the university.

With scholastics, whom superiors wish to take degrees to be qualified, if needs be, to teach in the university, the case is still more difficult; for, after the regular course, with the usual yearly examinations, including the examination *ad gradum*, two more years are spent in preparing for the four

state examinations, which are not easy; and thus, the *examen ad gradum* here is deprived of its one charm, the single element of consolation which it has elsewhere to compensate for its peculiar difficulty, that it is the last anyhow on this side of the grave. If one fails in any of these branches, a second trial is permitted any time after an interval of a month and a half; but a second failure in the same matter cancels all previous merits, and disqualifies the unfortunate candidate from ever again seeking honors in any university of the empire; though he may go elsewhere to try his fortune.

These examinations, whether successful or unsuccessful, are fruitful, as the candidate has to pay each examiner and the presiding officer five florins every time he appears before them—that is, twenty-five florins for each examination; and since there are four examinations, supposing no failure, the total expense of an examination is one hundred florins (somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars); of course if the poor fellow fails, to his other miseries is added increased expense. Besides this, seventy florins are paid for a diploma, which sum is divided amongst the professors and other officials of the university according to their degree. Moreover, the professors, besides their fixed salary from the government, receive from each member of their class one florin for every hour of lecture, and thus a popular lecturer in a popular branch of study may sometimes treble or quadruple his already convenient salary. Our scholastics have to pay their way just like the other *auditores*, but, as this money is afterwards paid back to the professors, it is in this case like the ocean yielding up its waters to the clouds. Education, salt and tobacco, the three fundamental necessaries of life, are in Austria, as in Italy, government monopolies.

If you look through the catalogue of the province of Austria you will find two things to puzzle you—perhaps it would be more correct to say, one thing, and the absence of another. The one thing is, that there are two theologates in the province, one in Pressburg, besides the one here in Innsbruck; and the other cause of surprise would be that it is a province without philosophers, that is to say, students of philosophy, for, of the genuine article there is ample abundance. Nor would you be much enlightened upon being told that, *de facto*, there are not two theologates, and that there is a scholasticate in which nothing but the most approved doctrines of philosophy are taught, although no mention of it seems to be made in the catalogue. The explanation is to be sought for in the military law of the coun-

try; everything here is subservient to the vast soldier machine, a state of things to which one can never become reconciled, though he must indeed soon become accustomed to it; instead of man being originally the pugnacious, warlike, savage being represented in the philosophical dreams of Hobbes and J. J. Rousseau, it would appear that such a state is rather the term of his perfect evolution. As I have said, all unfortunate males are forced to serve their country in the army for a certain number of years. The people submit to this quite naturally; indeed one good man completely took my breath away and rendered me speechless for discussion by demonstrating how superior this compulsory service is to the system of voluntary enlistment in England and the United States, where men join the army from mercenary motives. It was useless to argue; our very first principles were evidently at variance. There are certain exceptions to this law of universal conscription, and amongst them students of theology are especially named, but on condition that there is no interruption of study. For this reason our philosophers are called theologians in the catalogue, and the *auditores theologiæ*, *Sec. 1.*, of Pressburg (or Posonium) are in reality the philosophers of the province, while the theologians proper study here in Innsbruck. One advantage or disadvantage, according to different points of view, of this military conscription law is, that native Austrians are deprived of the *magisterium* between philosophy and theology, for the years of teaching would be an interruption to their theological studies, and, in order to enjoy the advantages of the exemption, those studies must be continuous. The province does not suffer much, I think, from this regulation, because so many of its members are German or Swiss subjects not covered by the law.

Although theological students are exempt from military service, the exemption is not altogether complete, and to some extent they live under military control during all the years that they would have had to spend in the army, if not exempted from actual service by their manner of life. They are not compelled to live in quarters, nor to drill, nor to wear a uniform; but, in case of need, scholastics are liable to hospital service, and priests must be ready to follow the army as chaplains. This is a great improvement on the Italian system, where every one, cleric or no cleric, has to carry a musket, and where no chaplains are provided for the soldiers. In Massowah, last year, at the time of the massacre, as it is called, there were indeed two or three priests with the army, but as common soldiers, who were unable to convey spiritual aid to the unfortunate men killed in the conflict.

Furthermore, those who escape the draft, on account of theological studies, have to report at certain times to the nearest military headquarters (nowhere hard to find); and they must acquaint their military superiors when they move from one place to another. For this purpose, each one is provided with a small note-book, in which his goings and comings are stamped and dated by the military authorities. For instance, a scholastic, having finished his philosophy at Pressburg, is ordered to Innsbruck for theology; he goes to the appointed official in Pressburg and presents his little note-book; this is duly stamped and signed, bearing witness to the legality of the departure, and upon his arrival in Innsbruck he must appear before a corresponding official there, who again stamps and signs the book, this time bearing witness to the legality of the arrival; his movements are likewise recorded in the government books, so that he can be easily found in case his services be needed. I should have mentioned further up that every one connected with a university, either as teacher or student, has the privilege of half-fare on any railroad in the empire.

There is nothing special to be said of scholastic life here, it is much the same interesting story everywhere—a happy cycle of class, circles, sermons in the refectory, tones on Sunday, and renovation verses; these last mentioned, by the way, bear a striking family resemblance all the world over. The scholastics attend classes in the university, together with the secular students, giving, I believe, all the edification their rules demand. The circles, however, are private, and, as in Rome, there are but two weekly. With regard to preaching in the refectory, it may be interesting to know that every one has to preach twice during the year; for one sermon, some months of preparation are allowed, but, for the second, the usual two or three days. Ignorance of the vernacular is no obstacle to ambition, since each one is free to employ the language that pleases him best; the only general law is, that each must preach, whatever be his mother tongue. Hence we are treated to a great variety of tongues, living and dead, or which, if not dead, ought to be; it is a genuine Pentecost, as far as the preachers are concerned, though, judging from my own experience, the hearers are not so fortunate as they were on that eventful day, for they hear not every man their own tongue wherein they were born. An Austrian Jesuit must be something more or less of a linguist, since within the Province four or five totally different languages are spoken by the people in various parts of the empire.

The special work of the Society, however, in Innsbruck,

and the most interesting, and perhaps also the most productive of good, is to be found in the *convictus*, or boarding-school, attached to the theologate, and under the full control of Ours. The theological students who attend the university may be divided into three classes: externs, half-boarders, and boarders, or *convictors*, as they are called. With regard to the externs, it is sufficient to mention here that they board in the city, just like law or medical students, that they are subject to no control on the part of Ours, and that nobody is responsible for them; they are simply independent young men, attending the university course, as the students in the other faculties. But it is different with the *convictors;* they occupy what is curiously termed a wing of our building, since the whole edifice consists of a front and one wing, and the wing is twice as large as that which is considered the principal portion—a synechdoche probably in both cases, *continens pro re contenta*, since the community, in the much smaller portion, is more principal than the *convictors* in the far greater section. The *convictus* is, in fact, a seminary, subject to rules and judicious religious discipline. The *convictors* are all theologians and wear the clerical cassock. Although mostly Germans and Austrians, many other lands are represented—Switzerland, France, Italy, Russia, Poland; —and from the United States, too, there are nearly thirty at present, mostly, though not entirely, from the West, and of German origin. There are in all two hundred and eighty three theological students in the university, of whom one hundred and fifty three are *convictors*, as it is impossible to admit more for want of room; those who live outside have to wait their turn for a vacancy.

Amongst the *convictors* are many members of religious orders, students of theology, and even these have to conform in all things to the rules of the establishment; the orders represented are, for the most part, Benedictines, Cistercians, and Premonstratensians—they, of course, wear their own religious habit. Thus, under the same roof, there are two distinct communities, who have no more communication with each other than if they dwelt in different counties, with distinct chapels, refectories, recreation grounds, etc. The rector of the house is indeed superior of all, but, practically, he has little to do with the *convictors*, being represented amongst them by one who is styled "Father Regent," assisted by another, called the "Father Prefect," though not a prefect in our sense of the word, for his duties are rather those of a minister, and, in addition to these two officials, there is a spiritual father; these three live in the so-called wing of the *convictus*.

The government is decidedly paternal and liberal, and I know of no seminary in which the students enjoy so much freedom and exemption from *small* regulations. This is all the more surprising, as one wrongly expects to find greater strictness and far less liberty than in America; and it is to be added, that the past history of so many distinguished and holy men in the ranks of both secular and regular clergy, who have gone forth from this *convictus*, proves conclusively the wisdom of the system. It would be easy to mention many illustrious names of living men, famous in the Church, like the present Bishop of Treves, Mgr. Korum, a leader in the splendid hierarchy of German bishops, who affectionately give to Innsbruck the credit for all they have done for the glory of God. There could be no more striking refutation of the assertion, so often repeated even by well-intentioned people, that the Society is not suited to manage seminaries. It is difficult to explain away facts, and the fact is, that the Collegio Germanico in Rome is undoubtedly the best seminary in the eternal city; and it is equally true that the seminary here in Innsbruck, if we are to judge from effects, is second to none anywhere; and I speak not of intellectual eminence, which no one denies, but of the sound, solid, religious training imparted, that produces serious, earnest, devoted priests, conscious of their high calling.

The daily religious duties of obligation consist of Mass, meditation (made by each one in his room and not in common), spiritual reading and beads. The spiritual father gives the points every evening, and he also gives frequent exhortations. The conduct of the young men is very edifying, and they are held in high esteem in the city. A retreat of eight days is made every year, beginning on the first of January, and very many receive a religious vocation during that time; last year, fifteen left the *convictus* for the novitiate, most of them in consequence of the retreat; four joined the German Province, while the names of the other eleven are to be found in the Austrian catalogue.

The *convictus* is not a modern institution; it is older than the university, and goes back almost to the days of St. Ignatius himself. Blessed Peter Canisius was stationed in Innsbruck in 1560, in which year he founded a college here, and two years later he added to it a *gymnasium*. Shortly afterwards he left the Tirol, or perhaps I should rather say Innsbruck, and was succeeded by Fr. Nicholas Lanoy, a Belgian, who had been received into the Society in Rome by our Holy Father himself, under whom his noviceship was made. Fr. Lanoy succeeded Fr. Claude Le Jay as

rector of the college in Vienna, and, on the expiration of his term of office, was sent to Innsbruck to carry on the work inaugurated by Blessed Canisius. As the college and *gymnasium* were already in a flourishing condition, he immediately conceived the idea of adding a *convictus*, but his appointment to the government of the new province of Austria, as its first provincial, interrupted this design. In 1566, he returned to Innsbruck to execute the plan he had already conceived, and three years later the *convictus* was established.

In its original conception it was not exactly what it now is; it was designed as an ecclesiastical seminary for poor students, who aspired to the priesthood but had not the means with which to carry out their pious desires. Fr. Nilles, one of the university professors, has written a brief but most interesting history of the *convictus*, from its first foundation, with all its vicissitudes, down to the present time. In the beginning it was supported by daily charity, and Fr. Lanoy himself used to go from door to door begging for alms. For a time, the students who came were received into the houses of the people of the town, and lodged and boarded until a house was rented in which they all lived together, and then several of the noble families sent daily, from their own tables, food for their support. Meanwhile, grants and donations continued to come in and, after a couple of years, a house was purchased and dedicated to St. Nicholas, whom the *convictus* still claims for its patron. It is unnecessary to speak of continued additions and, for a certain period at least, uninterrupted material progress.

The fame of the students for piety and learning was widespread, and their wonderful skill in music is recorded thus: "*Præ omnibus quidem artem musicam mirifice colebant . . . ut fere nullus actus publicus, nulla pompa solemnis Œniponte sine cantoribus et musicis seminarii haberetur.*" The words *actus publicus* are very indefinite, but I presume they do not mean a *public act*, in the scholastic sense, for it is hard to see what part music could have in such a performance. I may say, in passing, that the musical fame of the seminary still survives, though the clerical musicians do not now go travelling around the country, as was the case in those earlier days, for we are told "*et non in urbe solum sed etiam in suburbiis ad majores solemnitates musicam S. Nicolai videmus petitam.*" Even after the seminary had ceased to be for poor students only, eight scholarships were kept for such as showed any special musical talent. In this respect the *convictus* of to-day is no discredit to the *convictus* of two centuries ago; its church choir is famous still, and, on the occasion of

the Pope's jubilee celebration, the army of cassocked fiddlers, flute-players, horn-blowers, etc. that crowded the stage, gave it the appearance of a Theodore Thomas concert.

When good Maria Theresa reigned, she manifested a desire to establish a college of nobles, but experienced difficulty in settling upon a place; whereupon some of the enemies of the Society at court persuaded her that the *convictus* in Innsbruck was admirably suited for the purpose, and that the Jesuits had no particular business there, in fact that their sphere of usefulness would be very much enlarged if the seminary were taken from them. The good empress, desirous, no doubt, of this useful enlargement, sent a court dignitary, called in the documents *Illustrissimus*, with orders for the regent to dismiss all the students except the eight free musicians, and to prepare the house for the reception of the nobles. The regent remonstrated saying that there were many others in the seminary on scholarships, besides the eight musicians; to which the *Illustrissimus* replied: "*hos abire posse quocumque vellent*"—an exceedingly liberal offer, embracing both Jericho in the East and Halifax in the West, to say nothing of the future world. But, through ecclesiastical influence, the storm was averted for a time, and it is fair to believe that the empress never intended any act of injustice, and gave the order under some misapprehension.

It would take too long to relate all the annoyances suffered under the unfortunate reign of Joseph the second, whose sole aim in life was to harass the Church in every petty way, under the cloak, and possibly under the conviction, that he was furthering religious interests. Finally came the suppression of the Society, which did not immediately affect the *convictus*; and the seminary continued for two more years under the same rector. After this time the rector resigned, and the government seized upon the property, selling the vacant ground and dividing off the building into private residences, which were also sold to private families. Thus matters remained until 1858, when Ours, put once more in charge of the theological faculty, were enabled, through the generous assistance of friends in the city, to regain by purchase the property that had belonged to them nearly a century before. The *convictus* was reopened; in that first year, thirty seven *convictors* were admitted; and, year after year, the number has kept on steadily increasing, until now there are one hundred and fifty three, as I have said, with over a hundred more in the city waiting for a vacancy. It was expected that this year fewer students would come on account of the reopening of the seminaries in Prussia, but the expectation, so far, has not been verified.

A few words will suffice about the half-boarders, so distinguished from the externs. They lodge in the city, but are obliged to wear the ecclesiastical dress and to attend all the common exercises in the *convictus*, such as meals, spiritual reading, Mass, exhortations, etc. Amongst these, too, are many religious. No one can be promoted to orders unless after three years' residence in the *convictus*, or unless he can produce a certificate to show that he has passed that length of time satisfactorily in some seminary. At least one American bishop has appointed the regent his vicar-general, with full powers over his subjects in the *convictus*.

The theological students, as is meet, represent the grave and solemn element in the university, but the other four or five hundred young men keep things lively, and prevent the little town from giving way to its natural drowsiness. They are divided into five social clubs, or societies, distinguished from each other especially by the color of their peculiar caps, in shape exactly like a tambourine, which, notwithstanding their shallowness, cling to the head in some mysterious way which it has ever puzzled me to understand. Of these societies, two—the Whites or Austrians, and the Reds or Swiss—are, in profession and practice, Catholic, so that their colors are as much an avowal of faith as the sign of the cross would be. Most of them belong to a sodality under the charge of one of our fathers, and a fundamental law of their society is that no member must aid, encourage or abet the practice of duelling, under pain of expulsion. The other three clubs are called liberal; they practise no religion, but duelling is practised instead, as a part, perhaps the characteristic part, of their programme. It should be added, however, that the duelling is on the French plan, viz., to vindicate honor with a scratch, not with the heart's blood; insults are sought for in order to have the pleasure of avenging them and of getting scratched on the face, and it is curious to see these young men going about with their faces all scarred, glorying in what are, to others, only signs of their utter folly. Between the liberal and Catholic clubs there is a continual feud, and they seldom meet in the streets without giving and receiving marks of mutual esteem; and conflicts of quite a serious nature are not infrequent.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to say a few words about the people of the Catholic Tirol. The best proof of the Catholicity of the Tirol is the rather extraordinary fact, that not a single one of the numerous spires and steeples spread all over the Valley of the Inn, with its 30,000 inhabitants, marks an heretical place of worship. Here in Inns-

bruck, there is an obscure meeting-house, a room in a private dwelling, for the use of such travellers as like to go to church when away from home, because, in a foreign land, this is the best way to meet one's countrymen. But there are not wanting positive proofs of the faith and fervor of this singularly religious people. As I have said, the winter is severe, much the same as it is in Woodstock, and the mornings especially are severe and bitter; yet, at 5 or 5.30, the dark streets are lively with people on their way to early Mass; the weather has no effect whatsoever upon their devotion; be it a frost that pierces to the bone, or snow nearly knee-deep, or pitiless rain falling in torrents, it is all the same, the day has to be begun before the altar; and if you enter the church a quarter of an hour later (and any church will answer for the experiment), you will find the large building (cold as a barn, for there is no heating apparatus) filled with a coughing congregation, each member of which is provided with a candle, with which to read his or, in the vast majority of cases, her prayer-book, as the church provides no light except that which is necessary for the priest at the altar.

Unfortunately, in the city, although there is no Protestantism, liberal Catholicity is not unknown, owing probably to the influence of the university and to the fact that Innsbruck, as the capital of the Tirol, is a central military station and the seat of the Landtag or legislature of the province. But in the surrounding country one finds himself in an atmosphere of the purest and rarest orthodoxy; large crucifixes stand by the wayside, before which the head is always bared and not seldom the passer-by kneels to offer a silent prayer; there are also simple shrines, adorned with flowers and candles and the image of our Blessed Lady, before which a lamp is ever kept burning, or statues of some favorite saint, most frequently here of St. John Nepomucen. There are places of pilgrimage in every direction, the lasting memorials of some divine interference in favor of man or of some religious event, with the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, black and indistinguishable from age and exposure, and surrounded with the *ex voto* offerings of the simple rustics for many generations, which, it must be confessed, speak very little for their artistic skill, though consoling proofs of their simple, beautiful faith. It is no unusual thing, even here in the city, to see long processions of men, women and children, two by two, reciting the beads in common; and, in the Tirolese cities, the custom still prevails of carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick with all the solemnity prescribed by the ritual; I do not think this is done now any-

where else in the cities of Germany. On such occasions, of course, every head is bared, and down bends every knee, regardless of snow or mud in the streets.

If I were asked what is the special object of Catholic devotion in Italy, as witnessed in Rome, I would have no hesitation in answering, the Madonna, for the sight presented by a Roman church any evening in the month of May is an extraordinary one, not easily forgotten; and, to the same question about the Tirolese, I would answer, the Blessed Sacrament. The daily Communions are very numerous; scarcely a day passes without exposition of the Adorable Sacrament of the altar and Mass *coram Sanctissimo;* the solemn Mass on festival days is in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed; Communion *extra missam* is always followed by Benediction; and in many other ways this great Mystery of Love is seen to be an object of special veneration.

The priest is, as in Ireland, treated with the greatest respect, and has to be continually raising his hat to men saluting or women curtseying; while little children run to meet him from afar for the privilege of kissing his hand. It was different in Rome; there a priest or a bishop attracts no attention whatsoever, and even a cardinal is rarely saluted in his rambles along the country roads; nor could anything else be expected, for if the poor Roman had to salute every ecclesiastic, he might as well dispense with head-gear altogether. Besides this, however, we sometimes met with signs of disapprobation in the shape of scowls, or caw-caws to signify crows, or a muttered *pretacci*, which is supposed to be the acme of contempt, or sometimes even stones were hurled after us when one desired to be particularly emphatic; —the stones were the only things that hurt, and they only sometimes. This was done with all the more impunity, as the poor priests or religious, on gospel principles, and from motives of natural prudence also, never resented these insults, but got out of the way as quietly as possible.

Sometimes, however, it happened that these violent protesters against priestly influence made a mistake. Just about the time I arrived in Rome, the revolutionary press was making a fierce fuss over an incident that had occurred a short while before, in the neighborhood of Tivoli. One of these anti-clerical fellows met a couple of ecclesiastical students, and, as he had probably often before abused such people with impunity, he saw no reason for denying himself the pleasure of a repetition on the present occasion. The poor wretch was a stranger in those parts, else he would have hesitated at the sight of the black cassocks trimmed with red, the object of universal respect throughout all the

surrounding country, for they were students of the Irish College whose villa is at Tivoli. Following the wise counsel of Horace,—

non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam.—

I shall omit what took place in the meantime, leaving the more graphic imagination to supply, and say only that when the students got through with him he was a pretty badly used up man; in those few moments he had learned a lesson about latent clerical force and ecclesiastical vigor, of which he might have gone down to his grave in ignoble ignorance, had not luck thrown him in the way of useful information; it is to be presumed that the lesson taught him, at least, to be more discriminating in future. The revolutionary press, as I have said, took up the matter with spirit, clamored for vengeance, and wanted to know if foreigners were to be allowed to terrorize peaceful citizens; but the good people of Tivoli sided with the vigorous ecclesiastic, and the unfortunate victim of clerical blows and anti-clerical sympathy hied him off out of the neighborhood as speedily as possible; and so the matter was dropped. Nothing of the kind would ever happen here; and even the liberals treat the ecclesiastical dress with becoming respect, or at least give no external sign of disapproval.

Faith and loyalty go hand in hand, and the House of Hapsburg has no more devoted subjects than these stalwart Tirolese. When Ferdinand was driven from the throne in '48, he sought shelter in the Tirol; and there he was as safe as in an impregnable fortress. The whole Valley of the Inn is sacred to the memory of Andreas Hofer, whose statue adorns the court-church of the Franciscans, while the song recounting his virtues and sad death is sung or whistled every hour of the day in the streets, or played by the band on all great occasions, together with the national anthem.

At the time of the reformation, Protestantism penetrated even into the Tirol, and made no little headway; and it is one of the greatest glories of the Society, that the flood of heresy was driven back and completely shut out by our earliest missionaries, the chief amongst whom was our Blessed Peter Canisius. The story of their labors and of their success is a wonderful one, almost incredible, and that of Blessed Peter, especially, shows how rightly he was named the "hammer of heretics." From that day to this, Protestantism has made no appearance in the Tirol, and, consequently, the spirit of revolution and of infidelity has gained no foothold amongst this simple people. Their whole his-

tory may be summed up in the threefold end—Pro Ecclesia Dei, pro rege et patria.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers,

I remain,

Your servant in Christ.

* * *

A MIRACLE OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS,

IN THE AUSTRIAN NOVITIATE.

The following letter, containing an account of what seems to be a miraculous favor of St. John Berchmans, requires neither introduction nor explanation. It happened at St. Andrä, the novitiate of this province, in the beginning of this present month (February). I am sure you will be glad to find a place for the account in the forthcoming number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. J. A. C., S. J.

St. Andrä, Feb. 6th, 1888.

The novice A. M. had suffered so severely from rheumatism in both shoulders, by day and night, that for three weeks he was unable to sleep except for a few moments at a time. For fourteen days the house doctor attended him, applying internal and external remedies, but without avail. In addition to this sleeplessness, fever and a general prostration and weakness of the body followed, and finally the left side of the head was also attacked. A physician from Wolfsburg was called in for consultation, and, after a careful examination, he pronounced the condition of the patient very serious and the action of the pulse and heart very irregular. He wrote out certain prescriptions for internal and external medicines, to be used for two days, but if during that time no improvement took place, the prescriptions were to be changed.

This was on the afternoon of February the 3rd. During the evening of this day and the morning of the 4th, the patient followed the doctor's orders, and about 8 o'clock in the morning made a visit to the master of novices. To the inquiry whether he felt any better, the sick man answered that he experienced no relief and that the pains were as acute as ever, especially during the night when he attempted to lie down for a little rest. The master of novices then told him of the favor granted through St. John Berchmans

to a young boarder in our college at Linz, who had suffered from an affection of the eyes, and advised him to place himself under the protection of the saint.

The novice aswered that he had already made a novena to the Sacred Heart and St. John Berchmans, for whom, since his entrance into the novitiate, he had cherished a special devotion; but that so far his prayers had remained unanswered. The master of novices then suggested that he should have recourse to St. John Berchmans alone, since it might be the will of the Sacred Heart to glorify the new saint. He promised and went away.

As severe pains in the head were now added to his other sufferings, so that he was unfit for any mental labor, he employed himself for half an hour, by way of distraction, with chaining beads. While thus engaged, he felt himself interiorly urged to pray immediately to St. John Berchmans, and asked permission to go to the dormitory for this purpose. There he took out a picture of the saint, placed it upon his table, and, kneeling before it, recited three *Hail Marys* and *Glorias*, together with the proper prayer of the Church, and a hymn. Whilst reciting the last stanza of the hymn, he applied a relic of the saint to the left shoulder, where the pain was greatest, and begged to be cured. Instantly all pain ceased; he did the same to the right shoulder with the same result; he then applied the relic to his head, and there, too, on the instant, all pain likewise vanished. He went immediately, well and perfectly cured, to the master of novices and related what had taken place.

Yesterday, the 5th, he went to the church, where he used to suffer most, on account of the cold, and sang in the choir with the others during the Mass and general Communion of the sodality of the young men, who had that morning finished their annual retreat. He experienced no inconvenience whatever. He is perfectly cured.

During the time of this sickness, he had experienced also great spiritual dryness and desolation, which also disappeared entirely with the bodily cure. The novice himself looked upon this spiritual change as more wonderful than the healing of his bodily infirmity. At 6 P. M. on February the 5th, a solemn thanksgiving took place in the novitiate, at which most of the fathers also assisted. The master of novices related what had taken place; the hymn, which the sick novice had recited at the time of his cure, was sung by all before the picture of the saint; then followed the *Te Deum* with its versicle and prayer, and finally the prayer of the Church in honor of St. John Berchmans. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis!*

VERY REV. FR. GENERAL'S JUBILEE AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

In order to present His Holiness, in the name of the whole Society, with gifts and congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, and to thank him for conferring the honors of canonization on our three Blessed, Very Rev. Fr. General requested an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff for himself, the FF. Assistant and Secretary, and for the five provincials of Spain, Portugal and Belgium, who had been summoned to Rome for the feast of the Canonization of the three Blessed. The Holy Father assented, naming for the day of the audience, the twenty-second of January, at 11.30 A. M. Accordingly, on that day, shortly before the appointed hour, the above named fathers were in the halls of the Vatican, at the pontifical audience-room. Along with them had come the Father Superior of the Mission of the Philippine Islands, the substitute of the Secretary for the Spanish assistancy, the socius of the Procurator of the Society, the socius of the Provincial of Belgium, four fathers of the Gregorian University, the rector, the prefect of studies, the professors of scripture and of second year metaphysics and, lastly, Fr. General's companion, a brother who brought some of the gift offerings. Since the room where the Sovereign Pontiff sat was not very large, the Pontifical Chamberlain thought the fathers too many to go in together, and he saw to the division of the party into two.

Not long after the appointed time, Fr. General entered with the Assistants, followed by the five FF. Provincial. When the Holy Father saw the first of them barely across the threshold, "Nearer," he said, sweetly and kindly, "come nearer and stand around about me;" and when Fr. General and the Assistants had made the three customary prostrations, "arise," he added, "and remain standing." But as the other five fathers, who came behind him, were just beginning the third prostration, the first delayed rising, and, in the end, all remained kneeling. Then the Sovereign Pontiff made ready to listen, and Fr. General thereupon began a short address, which had three parts.

He told, in the first place, how much and how fervently the whole Society had prayed that His Holiness might reach that most auspicious and blessed day on which he had cele-

brated his golden jubilee, and congratulated him on the magnificent and splendid display of love and devotion to the holy Apostolic See and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, which had been made by Catholic and non-Catholic peoples and their princes. He next expressed the deepest gratitude for the remarkable favor conferred on the Society by the decree of the highest honors of Heaven's Blessed to three sons of the Society at the same time, and went on to enumerate the Holy Father's titles to the gratitude of the Society, from the very beginning of his pontificate, mentioning two in a special manner, his wise guidance of the Society, and his full confirmation of its institute and privileges from the Holy See. Lastly, he expressed the feelings of gratitude, regard, love and devotedness of all the sons of the Society towards the Holy See, and declared them all most ready in all things to obey him and to serve the Church. This address was short, and it was put strongly, though plainly, and without parade of words.

The address over, he handed to the Sovereign Pontiff a beautiful case of bank-notes to the amount of 105,000 lire Italian, which both Ours and our college pupils and sodality members, throughout all the provinces and houses of the Society, had contributed as a gift offering to the Sovereign Pontiff, for the jubilee of his priesthood. He presented also a very beautiful crucifix, exquisitely carved in ivory by the famous artist Bissoni, which was put in the hall of the Vatican set apart for the public exhibition of gifts of this sort. He then said there were other gifts, which could not just then be brought to those same halls; to which the Holy Father answered: "Send whatsoever you choose and I shall have it exposed."

The Holy Father listened to Fr. General with close attention, and, to judge from his countenance and demeanor, with much pleasure. After a brief recollection, he began his answer, which showed how well he remembered what had been said to him; for he took up the same three points, changing only the order, passing from the first to the third, and then returning to the second. He spoke slowly, articulating every word in clear and kindly tones, not in a formal, but in a familiar manner, as a father to his children. He said that he had listened with pleasure to the sentiments expressed by Fr. General; as for his sacerdotal jubilee, it was no new or unheard of thing to reach one's fiftieth year in the priesthood, and he had intended to keep it without any unusual public solemnity, but privately with his household and the Cardinals Palatine. When, however, some noblemen of Bologna had become aware of this intention of

his, they expressed a wish that it should be made a public festivity for Catholics, not of Italy only, but of all the world. The gradual spreading of these small sparks had started everywhere those vast flames of love and devotion manifested in so many different ways;—in the sacred pilgrimages to venerate the Apostolic See of Peter, in gifts beyond number, of costly price and beautiful workmanship, in the appointment of special ambassadors, in autograph letters from kings and emperors, among others the Queens of Spain and of England, the Emperors of Austria and of Germany, the Republic of France and the President of the United States of North America, and in the most noble men whom these had sent to honor him; adding that such a wonderful tribute of veneration and respect for the Apostolic See, and that from nearly every nation, even those which do not profess Catholicity, must be ascribed to God alone, who most clearly wished to show forth the immovable firmness of the Church and of the Apostolic See, in spite of the many whirlwinds and storms raging against them, so that all might see how the Church but fairer grows amid oppression, verifying the poet's

Merges profundo, pulcrior evenit;

and that God wished, moreover, to console him in his many bitter occasions of grief.

He next spoke of the Society, saying that it had ever been dearly and highly appreciated by the Sovereign Pontiffs, who thought that its members were a bulwark to religion and the Church, and itself a legion of the bravest warriors, ever obedient to the call of the Holy See and ready always to accomplish vast undertakings for the Church and the salvation of souls. He himself had much esteem and fondness for the Society, and had shown it from the time of his elevation to the supreme pontificate, not only in his intercourse with two of its Generals, Peter Beckx and Anthony Anderledy, but also in bringing into the Sacred College of Cardinals Fr. Camillus Mazzella, whose virtue and learning were in such high repute among his colleagues, and in employing Cardinal Franzelin in affairs most important and delicate. The Society, on its part, had ever obeyed him, and minded not only his express wishes but even his slightest beck, as he had found especially in the revision of studies; and therefore, for the good and fame of the Society, he had, with most fortunate results, taken steps such as the decree confirming our Institute and privileges as set forth in the Apostolic letters, and the one inscribing our three Blessed in the Calendar of the Saints; but in all this he was

only following the examples of his predecessors. And when Father General remarked that His Holiness, by his confirmation of all previous approvals of our Institute and of the privileges granted by former pontiffs, had himself done as much for the Society as all the other pontiffs together since its beginning, His Holiness answered that other pontiffs also had deserved well of the Society, like Paul III., who gave it existence and added many goodly favors. He then began recording the beginning and progress of his love for the Society; as he had loved it in boyhood, when first put under the fathers of the college in Viterbo, to get from them his first instruction and literary knowledge, so his love grew stronger when he came to study philosophy and theology in the Roman College under the best masters, such as Fathers Tapparelli, Manera, Perrone, Caraffa, and others whom he named and praised; he had been wont, when a close friend of Cardinal Sala, to visit often Father General John Roothaan, whom he used to hold in the highest reverence, and whom he now praised in a brief but lofty tribute. Reverting once more to the Blessed raised to saintly honors, he said he often commended himself to them, and made special mention of his deep devotion to Saint John Berchmans, which he had conceived as a boy in the college of Viterbo, on receiving from Father Ubaldini, the Rector, a little image of the young saint, then but Venerable, whom, with joy of soul, he had just now raised to the ranks of the saints. Adding a few other things, which escape the memory, he concluded, after having spoken about half an hour.

Father General then begged the Holy Father to bless him and the other fathers present, the whole Society, and those who had contributed any share of the money and gifts. He consented most kindly, and said he would bless Father General, the Assistants, the Provincials, and all the provinces, houses and members of the Society, along with all others mentioned by Fr. General, expressing also the wish that the Provincials present would bring to their provinces the announcement of this blessing, which he then gave in solemn formula, with great sentiments of devotion. He also requested Father General to tell him the name and office of each of the fathers present, and, when it was done, as they approached to kiss his hand and foot, he had a few kind words for each, praising especially their respective countries and peoples. When Father Provincial of the Belgian Province presented him with an album of the Belgian colleges, he received it pleasantly, making honorable mention of Fathers Franqueville and Matyss, whom he had known as provincials of that province, when Pontifical Legate in Bel-

gium. Bidding Father General remain, he dismissed the others, so that those who were waiting outside might come in. After a kind reception on their entrance, while all were standing round him after having made their prostration, Fr. Rector of the Gregorian University was the first presented. He offered a precious reliquary containing relics of the five Saints, Aloysius Gonzaga, John Berchmans, Camillus de Lellis, Leonard of Port Maurice, and John Baptist de Rubeis, who had been pupils in that university. The Holy Father showed that this was very pleasing to him, and said that, after exposing it in the exhibition hall, he would ask it back again to keep it in his own room. Father Prefect of Studies then displayed a volume giving a list of the young men in attendance at the schools of the university, whereon the Holy Father took occasion of lavishing praise on the university and its studies and professors, declaring that with all these he was fully satisfied, that he had recommended this lyceum to the foreign bishops then in Rome, and that he was greatly rejoiced by its prosperity and its daily increasing roll of students. Next came Father Superior of the Philippine Mission, who presented a gold pen, set with gems and enclosed in a silver case, on which was engraved a Latin distich, in which the pupils of the Manilla Normal School begged His Holiness to sign his name with that pen on the Bull of the Canonization of Saint John Berchmans; which, with a fatherly kindness, he promised to do. The same father said there was a table made of precious woods and inlaid with ivory and silver, all beautifully carved by the Indians of his mission, which was already in Rome but could not just then be carried into the Vatican halls. He presented a gold ring, set with most precious stones, the gift of the Archbishop of Manilla, along with printed and handsomely bound letters, which told of the undertakings, the labors and fruits of Ours in those distant regions. The Holy Father desired to make the acquaintance of each of the other fathers in particular; until, at length, after an hour or more, all took leave, bringing away feelings of love, gratitude and consolation, which will not easily vanish from their souls.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Extract from a Letter of Fr. Victor Garrand.

North Yakima, Dec. 9th, 1888.

Reverend and Dear Fr. Superior,

P. C.

The number of Catholic families has been increasing here of late, and more are expected before the end of winter, as well as during the spring. As for the town itself, it is assuming, more and more, the appearance of a city, and gives far better promise than might have reasonably been expected in the beginning. The work upon our church is progressing slowly; but I feel confident that, when completed, it will be a very neat and substantial structure. Thus far, in its erection, I have contracted debts to the amount of eight hundred dollars, hoping that money would come in gradually; but as yet I have been disappointed. However, I have no fear of a deficiency in funds, when the time for final settlement arrives. Nevertheless, I have informed my creditors that I rely upon the good will of the people, and that, in the event of their insisting upon a prompt payment, they may have to send me to jail for a while; in which case, doubtless, those who are holding back their subscriptions will be sure to come forward. But, as I have already said, there is no real danger of my being placed in so awkward a plight.

The ground for the school-house, which is to be devoted to the Indians, has not yet been broken; but the lumber has been bought and the plans drawn up. And although work will not begin before March, beyond all doubt the New Year will witness the realization of what we have so long desired.

The unfavorable weather delays the work upon the Sisters' school, and, of course, postpones all operations on the one for the Indians. However, I hope to have the latter well started in March. We expect to open with at least twenty Catholic children from the reservation, and will probably have some from other quarters.

Yesterday, the feast of our Immaculate Mother, and the anniversary of the opening of our chapel for public worship, was the occasion for the most elaborate ceremonies that

have yet been seen within its walls. Before the Mass, I had the happiness of receiving an entire family, consisting of a mother, two boys and five girls, into the Church. It was to be an especial feast for them; so they had decorated the altar very beautifully with garlands and flowers, and, best of all, had spent the three days preceding in a sort of retreat under my direction. I adapted the Spiritual Exercises of our Holy Father to the occasion, and beheld the usual gratifying results. The celebration of the feast, therefore, began with the recitation of the Nicene Creed and the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. Then followed the ceremony for the baptism of adults, and afterwards that for children. Although we had started at nine o'clock, the time passed so rapidly that it was after eleven o'clock when the Mass was begun. It had been my intention to give a short instruction, but, whilst reading the Gospel, I was so much affected that I took advantage of the lateness of the hour, and announced that the sermon would be given at Vespers. So, in the afternoon, with the same numerous congregation and my eight neophytes before me, I gave expression to my feelings, and called upon all to join with me during the Benediction, in returning thanks to Almighty God and his Blessed Mother for their many blessings and favors to each of us there present.

During the baptism, each of the boys received, as his white garment, a surplice; in which they afterwards appeared whilst serving me at Mass. The five girls in white robes received, along with their mother, the veils which they had previously made. Everything tended to move the heart, as well as to please the eye; and, in the evening, when all was over, the good mother came to thank me, saying, as indeed she might with great truth, that she had never felt so happy in her life. I gave her my blessing, and expressed the hope that our Blessed Lady would ever keep the souls of each of them in the blissful state in which they were that day.

I have great hope of receiving others soon. That our Lord and his Blessed Mother may be pleased to lead many of these poor people into the true fold, is the ardent prayer and desire of his unworthy minister, and

Your Reverence's servant in Domino,

VICTOR GARRAND, S. J.

Letter from Mr. Post.

ST. IGNATIUS, MONTANA,
Feb. 23rd, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

The Mission of St. Ignatius, from which this letter is dated, was the third which the worthy Father De Smet founded here in the Rocky Mountains; the first being St. Mary's Mission, about forty miles south of Missoula, in the Bitterroot valley, and the second, that among the Nez Percés Indians, which is now known as the Cœur d'Alêne Mission.

Father De Smet, it is true, was the first who succeeded in gathering our Indians around the foot of the cross, and so he must be said to have given life to our mission; but its fostering and developing element, must be attributed to the courage and zeal of our dear old Father J. Menetrey, now residing in Missoula with good Father J. D'Aste.

St. Ignatius, in the so called Flathead Indian Reservation, can be said to-day to be a really flourishing mission. Our Indians, mostly of the Flathead and Kalispel tribes, as well as the many half-breeds who live around here, are, generally speaking, succeeding well. Attendance at church is by no means a burden to them, and, in fact, they all give evidence of true Christian faith. One thing, the regret of which Your Reverence will surely share with me, is, that some Indian families seem not to understand their natural and inalienable duties towards their children. Boys and girls, eight, nine and ten years of age, can be seen running about by the score, and, though they come to church, they never attend the school. What is the reason? you may ask. It is said that some of the Indians have an altogether misplaced parental affection, and hence they cannot bear their children's absence. You know our two schools are mainly for boarders, and thus our pupils have not many chances to be with their folks; some few, however, get permission to spend their long vacation at home. At present, we have about seventy boys; the Sisters' school counts, I believe, more than eighty pupils. Our school-house and residence have become too small, and one class has to be taught in the chapel; hence our superiors have resolved upon building a new residence. The new building was commenced on the feast of St. Francis Borgia; and even at present it attracts great attention. It is two stories high, and the carpenters, who, by the way, did the whole work, are at present putting

up the projected French roof, which is so constructed as to afford the advantage of a third story. A large chapel is comprised in this new residence; hence, the chapel in the school-house can continue to be used as a class-room, and it will probably take years before the school-house will need to be enlarged.

Perhaps you wish me to say something about the Indian language. First of all, you must know that the dialect spoken here by our Indians, viz., Selish or Flathead or Kalispel Indian dialect, is altogether different from that spoken either by the Nez Percés or the Blackfeet. Last vacation, some Blackfeet Indians came to take home a few boys, who had been at school here for years, and it happened that not even one of our fathers could converse with them, although they know the Selish dialect perfectly. I cannot say very much about the nature of the language, as Your Reverence will easily suppose; still, this much I can affirm, that there is something very peculiar in the Indian's speech. Some time ago, a tall blind Indian, about forty years of age, was with us during the noon recreation. He was, indeed, a splendid speaker, and I kept my eyes fixed upon him admiringly although I could not understand a single word he said. You should have seen his copious and graceful gestures, and heard the variety of tones he employed, all, as our fathers said, adapted to the nature of his discourse. This Selish dialect is understood by the Flathead, Kalispel, Kootenay, Bitterroot, Spokane, Colville, and Crow Indians.

So far I have done very little in the way of the study of Indian; not because books are wanting, for both an Indian grammar and dictionary have been on my desk for a long while. The grammar was written by our late Father Mengarini. The dictionary comprises two volumes: Indian-English and English-Indian, but, it is said that to learn Indian by means of private study is a pretty difficult undertaking and, perhaps, an altogether useless attempt. The most efficient method would be to learn it by conversing with Indians or, perhaps, the best of all would be to do the latter and not to neglect the former, that is, to make a happy combination of the two ways.

Recommending myself to Your Reverence's prayers and holy sacrifices,

I remain your least brother in Christ,

J. Post, S. J.

Fr. Victor Garrand to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.

NORTH YAKIMA, April 4th, 1888.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C. and Alleluia!

As I am now confined to my room with a very bad cold, I think the best thing I can do is to give Your Reverence an account of the past three months' mission-work. First, then, we have been building what might be called a double church, the one up-stairs, for the whites of the neighborhood, and the other, a sort of half-basement, for the Indians. The former is now far enough advanced for us to hold divine service there, our first Mass having been celebrated on Maundy Thursday. The Sodality of the Sacred Heart has been well organized during the three months, and we have three promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, each with a band of fifteen associates. Under the lead of these associates, the sodalists discharged the office of adorers at the repository, coming regularly, one after another, during the whole time of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. This saved me a great deal of labor, as I had only to notify the promoters, and they saw the members and arranged with them as to the hours at which they could come to church on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. Indeed, my white congregation gives me rather consolation than trouble, and, thanks be to God, its number was lately increased, during the month of March, by the arrival of four excellent Catholic families from Minnesota. This I regard as a special gift from St. Joseph to St. Joseph's Mission of Yakima.

The Indians are improving very much. My right-hand man is Ignace. I made a friend of him soon, and through him I can do, not indeed all that I please, but, certainly, far more than I could do without him. Charles Moun and his son Louis have, unfortunately, no influence at all; and, though I employ them a good deal, I always give Ignace the precedence. He is especially able to go ahead and take the lead. A word from him will make the heart of these Indians either thrill with joy or tremble with fear. The number of Indians that I have seen during my stay at Yakima has never exceeded one hundred together at our meetings. Last Sunday, about that many were present at Mass. They had come previously on Palm Sunday, and I had told Ignace that our next meeting would be at Attanom, on the eighth of April.

"No Mass on Easter Sunday for the Indians!" he exclaimed. "That is not good, father."

"Well," said I, "I cannot go to Yakima City on that day, as I have too many whites to attend to here. So, if you all wish to go, go there; but you will have to go to Father Raiberti. He will be there."

"But why not come here?" Ignace persisted.

"Because," I answered, "your church here is not yet finished, and you told me yourself that you did not like to be with the white people."

"Would you be displeased if we should come here?"

"Oh, by no means. On the contrary; come and you will be welcome; but the place where we must meet is Attanom, on the 8th of April."

With these words we parted, but on Holy Saturday all my Indians were here; and Ignace told me triumphantly:

"I bring you ten Indians to be baptized—two babies and eight grown people."

"Do they know all that they should know?" I asked.

"Some, yes; some, scarcely enough; but I answer for them that they will know by and by. They are all under my control."

Here Ignace introduced his friends to me, one after another. There were three old squaws in the number, who knew very little, but Ignace said that their heads, being old, were as hard as stone, and that it was difficult to make them understand well; but he added that they believed firmly and thoroughly, and that, moreover, Augustina, his wife, would teach them. So I said, "All right!" There were also three young women, wives of Catholics, who were well enough instructed. On Easter Sunday, therefore, I had a very solemn festival at North Yakima. On Saturday, I had begun to hear the confessions of my Indians at a late hour, and had been obliged to quit them several times, to hear some of the whites; so that at midnight I had heard only half of them. Ignace, however, sent them all to bed, most of them sleeping in the basement of the church, and, at five o'clock in the morning, they were again knocking at my door to make their confessions. At half past eight I had heard them all. Then I celebrated the first Mass, for the Indians only, and fifty-seven of them received Holy Communion. They sang their sweet songs and said their cadenced prayers during Mass, as usual. The Mass being over, I dismissed them until after the Mass for the whites.

At ten o'clock the whites came. For many of them, it was the first time they had seen the new church, and they

filled it up so well that, though I was greatly fatigued, I felt very much encouraged and strengthened. The dizziness in my head passed away while I was preaching, and I preached more fervently than I had done for a long time. My white congregation has reason to be proud of its choir and charming music. During the Mass, I almost fancied myself back again in Father Loyzance's great church in Troy, and my heart was indeed filled with delight.

After the Mass for the white people, Ignace rang the bell, and again my Indians crowded into the church. I first announced that, on the third Sunday after Easter, that is, on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the whole tribe of the Yakima Indians, as well as the surrounding tribes, and, in fact, all the Catholics of the neighborhood, should be present at the blessing of the Indian school, and at the same time should bring their children and give them in charge to the Sisters. The satisfaction and joy they all expressed at the announcement brought tears to my eyes, and, for a little while, I was unable to speak. Then I repeated it more calmly and told them to come in their best attire, as we should have a procession from the church to the school, and a grand religious display at the blessing and occupation of the school; for on that day we intend to do something worthy of the occasion. If Your Reverence could only attend the celebration, I know it would greatly increase the solemnity of the feast and bring no slight consolation to all my parishioners. After the announcement, and a short instruction on the Easter Communion, I proceeded to the baptism of the grown people, for all of whom Ignace stood as godfather, and then I baptized the babies, thirteen in all. Four marriage ceremonies followed this, and, at half past two, I was able to go to Brother Carfagno, who had been waiting patiently for me with a good dinner, which had now grown cold. He was very much satisfied with the results of the day's work, but scolded me because I did not take things calmly enough and was killing myself for nothing. He was somewhat right in this, and I am now paying the penalty by being unwell. But this cold will soon pass away. On my return from Attanom next Sunday, I intend to begin my retreat, though it comes at an inopportune time just now; July or August would be better, as during those two months there is comparatively little to do. Next year I shall choose that time. I commend myself to the pious prayers of Your Reverence; I need them badly, for, after all, I am but a very poor missionary.

Ræ Væ infimus in Xto servus,

VICTOR GARRAND, S. J.

BRAZIL.

MISSION OF THE RIO GRANDE.

Before entering on a description of the Rio Grande Mission, we shall state, in a few words, the religious condition of the German colonists before the coming of the missionaries. The first immigrants arrived from Germany about the year 1825; some of them founded the city of Sao Leopoldo, whilst the others began to cultivate the land in the neighboring districts. They were not remarkable for religious fervor, partly because they had grown up in the fatherland during the days when religion was at an ebb, partly because there were in the new country no German-speaking priests. Thus it happened that Catholics, intermarrying with non-Catholics, followed about the same religious principles as the latter, and sank into indifferentism. Nay, such became the state of affairs, that a layman used to read and chant the Mass from a missal. These evils increased during the revolution of 1834–45, when unbridled license obtained. Nor was there any change for the better until the year 1848, when the Austrian Province sent two fathers of the Society to alleviate the wretched condition of the abandoned German colonists. One, Fr. Austin Lipinski, founded a parish at Sao Miguel, the second, Fr. Sedlach, established the mission of Sao José. The colonists were filled with joy at the coming of the fathers, who found an abundant harvest. They traversed those vast regions, exhorting the faithful to erect churches and open Catholic schools; but, finding themselves too few in number for such a wide field of labor, they asked help of the German Province, whence they obtained Fr. Michael Kellner and Fr. Boniface Klüber, both of whom arrived during the month of August, 1858. Fr. Klüber founded a residence at Sao Leopoldo, and was appointed pastor of that city in the beginning of the year 1859. He was a man of unflagging energy, and gave himself up without respite to his priestly work. He was untiring in giving missions, and in teaching the German and Brazilian children; he revalidated marriages, and travelled with apostolic vigor throughout the length and breadth of the land. Indeed it were difficult to estimate how much he labored, how many souls he gained

to God; for, in those days, many a Catholic was awakened from the fatal languor of indifferentism; many a non-Catholic was brought into the Church.

But, as might have been expected, man's arch-enemy did not leave unmolested so happy a course of events. In these regions, Protestantism and indifferentism had long held sovereign sway; Catholics, without asking for a dispensation, had intermarried with non-Catholics, to such an extent, that but little difference was visible between Catholics and Protestants. Hence, the heretics conceived a most violent hatred against the importunate missionary, for having declared war against indifferentism. Around these heretics there rallied others, Catholics by name, but infidels at heart, who were led by the editor of a German masonic gazette. They were joined by many Brazilians, who, whilst keeping up an outward show of Catholicism, refused, nevertheless, to be converted and return to the use of the sacraments. These enemies of religion spread lies and calumnies everywhere among the people. "The missionaries," they said, "are disturbers of the peace, nor can quiet be restored unless they are driven out." And this result, indeed, was only prevented by the vigorous resistance with which the colonists encountered the machinations of the infidels. Fr. Boniface, whom they hated most, was recalled from his post by his superiors, in 1868, and returned to Europe.

Whilst this relentless war continued against the German fathers, greater tranquillity was enjoyed by the Spanish and, subsequently, by the Italian fathers in the city of Porto Alegre, where they ministered to the spiritual wellbeing of the Brazilians. Little by little the ill feeling towards the German fathers subsided, and, as the number of Germans increased yearly, and new colonies were founded, it became necessary to call for new missionaries. In order to further still more the interests of the German colonists, Very Rev. Fr. Beckx intrusted the mission of the Rio Grande to the German Province. This was on the 14th of July, 1869. At that time Ours had already founded the residences and parishes of Sao Leopoldo, Sao Miguel and Sao José. The German Catholics of Porto Alegre soon procured a chapel of their own, and a missionary was assigned to them. Afterwards the extensive parish of Santa Cruz was established, its first pastor being Fr. Joseph Stuer. To these were added the new parishes and residences of Sao Pedro, Sao Joao, Santo Antonio, Sao Salvador, Bom Principio, Sao Sebastiao and Santo Ignacio. Thus Ours have, at present, thirteen residences and sixteen parishes, whilst they also attend some ninety stations. Our vast and painful work, our rugged and

unremitted travels have, by God's grace, borne fruit. On Sundays and holidays, the colonists drive in large numbers to the churches to be present at the High Mass and sermon. They approach the sacraments frequently, and lead a most Christian life.

The first endeavor of our fathers had been to establish, even at the smallest and poorest stations, Catholic schools, supported by the colonists, and supplied with good teachers. There was, however, as yet no school for higher education, and those who wished to pursue their classical studies were obliged to go either to Protestant or to infidel teachers. This was a serious evil, and in order to remedy it, a college was opened, on July 31st, 1870, at Sao Leopoldo, with five scholars. This number, it is true, gradually increased, yet it was necessary to strive, during eight consecutive years, against great difficulties. For the college was without money or a fitting edifice, many parents detested religious education, numerous calumnies were afloat concerning the Jesuits, and the public was prejudiced against them, especially during the sway of the Kulturkampf in Germany; and besides we were opposed by the Protestants and the freemasons. But every outward circumstance has given way before the constancy and unwearying toil of the professors. A splendid college building has been erected and the scholars have distinguished themselves in the public examinations, so that to-day the Protestant college in this city has but a few pupils, whereas the college of the Society has two hundred boarders; some of these are Germans, but the greater number are Brazilians. All are in the best possible dispositions.

It was also necessary to provide for the education of girls. Hence, by invitation of Fr. William Feldhauss, then Superior of the Mission, six Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis arrived from Germany at Sao Leopoldo, on Easter-day, 1882. Here they founded St. Joseph's Academy, where a solid religious and superior literary education is given to the young ladies of the city as well as to one hundred and thirty daughters of the nobility. Not long afterwards, more sisters arrived and founded an academy in Santa Cruz. They also opened at Porto Alegre a day-school, which numbers two hundred pupils, a school for colored girls, and a hospital.

We must add that, in 1870, the missionaries founded a Catholic journal, the *Volksblatt.* This was an undertaking of great practical importance, for, of the two German papers then published, one was Protestant, whilst the other upheld atheism and Darwinism. Both were constantly spreading among the people the most atrocious falsehoods concerning

the Catholic faith. Our paper, which was called the Jesuits', vigorously resisted these two during the space of ten years; it unmasked their errors, and gave a true explanation of Catholic principles, until, finally, its adversaries no longer dare to publish such arrant calumnies. Such, then, have been the rise and progress of the German Mission of the Rio Grande.

TEXAS.

GONZALES, TEXAS, March 12th, 1888.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

I received a postal card, requesting me to continue my correspondence. Yesterday, Sunday, as I was thinking over the day's labor, cooking, singing Mass, confessions, sermons, sacristan work, I thought a detailed description would be interesting; but then came the thought — it would be so trivial and so self-conceited; and so, this morning, as I had a little spare time, before riding to Coe Valley, I concluded to build again St. Ignatius' Mission, where, during this winter, I have encountered only "northers" and rain; so that I have never had, since mid-December, one congregation of respectable numbers, about twenty or twenty-five, and more than half of those non-Catholics. I am afraid that it is not worthy of a place in the LETTERS, but do as you please, and if you want that Sunday work, drop me a card to that effect. Now for Caseto and a sixteen mile ride over wretched roads.

Yours in Christ,

F. P. GARESCHE, S. J.

In my last letter I spoke of St. Ignatius' Chapel at Lockhart, Texas, called by the citizens "the Mexican barn." Fr. Morandi, whose companion I was for some years at Seguin, had transferred to that place a part of our old frame schoolhouse, having purchased a couple of acres outside the town. Finding the situation unsuitable, principally because there was no access to it save through property which might be at any time fenced, I sold the lot, and undertook to build in a more convenient place. From the sale I obtained $200 in cash, the remaining $300 in notes. Two hundred more were collected in the town, one half by an ice-cream entertainment, the other by subscription, in which Catholics and

non-Catholics united. I began to build in September, and in November said Mass there for the first time.

The building is 55 by 26 feet, with a projecting south chamber at the rear, in which the priest can sleep; furniture for this room, as also the principal vestments for the Mass, were left here by Fr. Morandi. The altar is in a semi-octagonal apse, two small apartments being cut off from the sanctuary for sacristy and confessional, the former adding space to the priest's apartment. The top of these rooms is adorned with scroll-work, stained and varnished like all the other mouldings and scroll-work; the ceiling and sides of the church are of varnished Texan pine. The outside of the church is painted lavender gray, trimmed with reddish brown. There is a neat railing to the sanctuary and to the choir gallery. The altar, which costs me about $35, is the one used by us in the college chapel, painted white and blue, with carvings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Most Pure Heart of Mary and the I. H. S. and nails of the Society in the middle, bronzed. The reredos, steps and tabernacle, are an addition; the panels of the former are of cypress, diapered, with nickel stars in each diamond; the frame painted white, blue for the chamfers and mouldings. The tabernacle and reredos are surmounted by black walnut scroll-work. Above the apse, the semicircle, studded with nickel-plated stars, is also crowned with scroll-work, repeating, though not exactly, the pattern on the apartments. We have also a neat set of stations. The lot is well fenced, panelled on the sides, pickets in front, total cost $1300. A charitable lady in St. Louis sent me $100; Fr. Lalumière, who has assisted me in all my undertakings, sent me four hundred intentions which the bishop and his priests kindly aided me in fulfilling.

So much for the building, to which I hope to add a belfry and bell this autumn, if the Lord gives us a good crop. As for the spiritual edifice, alas, that is another *opus*. At first a general protest was made against the Mexicans, who form the majority, and to whom we owed the purchase of the former lot. I compromised by giving the north half of the auditorium to the Mexicans and the other to the "whites," so distinguished in Texas.

The faith is wonderfully dead in these Texan Catholics, so long abandoned. Fr. Morandi used to say Mass in a Mexican *jacal* to which only two of them would go. When he transferred the school-house to the lot he had purchased, he was recalled to Mexico, and from that time until I took charge they had Mass but twice. I can count the regular communicants on the fingers of both hands; when I commenced, the fingers of one hand were more than sufficient,

My principal layman, Irish, had been a freemason and had not been to his duties for over forty years. His wife had never made her first Communion. His two daughters were educated in a convent at Austin, one is a communicant, the other is not allowed by her husband to go to confession, and but seldom to Mass; the three boys are nearly ready for Communion. The other, and the principal family, is German; the father, mother, and married daughter (the wife of my carpenter), are monthly communicants, the three sons have lost the faith, though I have hopes for the youngest, whom I have made treasurer of the congregation. Of the Mexicans, only one family goes to monthly Communion, father, mother, two daughters and two sons, whom I prepared for their first Communion. Some three or four others occasionally approach. As for the Protestants, you cannot conceive their utter ignorance of our faith, nay their absurdly false notions about its doctrines. Still they come willingly to hear me, in which they contrast favorably with those of Gonzales.

This year has been an exceptional one for the repeated and severe "northers." Such sleet and snow and ice were never known; and I assure you that, on more than one occasion, the ablutions were freezing, and once the paten froze to my lips at the "Agnus Dei," though I had kept the chalice and cruets on the stove to the very commencement of the Mass. But we have our consolations. One convert, one Catholic child saved from the sects, making her first Communion and advancing year by year in piety and devotion; one family, after a year's work, becoming monthly communicants; a congregation that numbered only ten communicants at Easter, now giving twenty or more every month, as at Columbus, where a Sisters' school deserves all the credit;—these give me more consolation, cause more rejoicing than the most crowded mission with its triumphs ever did. It was of Columbus that the vicar-general of Galveston wrote to my bishop: "I hear that Fr. Garesche has done great things; but it is easy to build churches; if he does anything with that congregation at Columbus — that will be a miracle." The last time I met him he acknowledged that the miracle was there. I attributed it to the Sisters, as I do now, my share being the forcible retaining of the school, against the conviction of bishop and Rev. Mother, and, of course, blowing, as loud and tunefully as I can, the trumpet, and clashing the cymbals. *Laus Deo.*

MEXICO.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MISSION GIVEN AT THE CHURCH OF STA MARIA IN PARRAS, IN THE DIOCESE OF DURANGO.

At the break of day, on the 10th of December, the two fathers who were to give the mission reached Parras, to the great gratification of the clergy and people who had been eagerly expecting them. Two years previously a mission had been given in this same place by Fr. Labrador with great success; and, consequently, the present missionaries found the ground well prepared.

As the stage-coach rolled into the city, the fathers were met by a large concourse of people under the leadership of the pastor of Sta Maria, Don Feliciano Cordero, and were conducted to the parochial residence. After a short rest, Fr. La Cerda, superior of the missionaries, proposed to the people the order to be followed by those desiring to profit by this season of grace. He announced that the exercises of the mission, for the grown people, would be given in the evening, while those for the children, under the direction of Fr. Argüelles, would be given in the morning.

On the following day, the mission for the adults began with every prospect of success. The missionaries, the curate and his assistant, Don José Bocardo, vested in penitential copes, proceeded from the sacristy and prostrated themselves before the main altar. The crucifix from the main altar was then borne in procession around the church. During the procession, the fathers sang the hymn "A mission os llama," to which the five thousand voices of those who thronged the spacious church answered in chorus. The procession was followed by a doctrinal discourse by Fr. La Cerda, the recitation of the rosary by the pastor, the singing of the "Salve Regina" or other hymns; and the exercises of the evening were concluded by a moral sermon.

Every night the concourse of the people increased, drawn by the fervor and earnestness of the missionary. The pastor was delighted, as he saw among those whom the word of God attracted, old sinners who had not crossed the threshold of the church for many years. On the first night of the mission, while Fr. La Cerda was preaching on the End of Man, the use a Christian should make of creatures, the

nobility of man who is the crowning work of creation, the height of man's destiny, and the love and perpetual praise due to God, a *ranchero*, who was standing near the pulpit, threw himself on the ground, struck his breast and cried out: "Oh Father, pardon me, for I've been a greater brute than my horse, but I shan't be so any more." And, in fact, during the rest of the mission, the man never left the church, except to get some necessary food.

On the following night, the sermon on death produced a most profound impression. The silence of the tomb reigned throughout the assembly, while the preacher explained the solemn truth that death is written on the brow of every man. The effect of the sermon was heightened by a catafalque, reared within sight of the whole audience, whereon burned two candles whose flames, fluttering in the wind, illumined momentarily a fleshless skull—fitting symbol of the end of all worldly glory.

The next sermon was on judgment. But Fr. La Cerda was obliged to leave it unfinished. The mourning and weeping became so frequent, and the outcries of sorrow were so vehement and so continuous, that it seemed as if the people had realized that the terrible day of reckoning, when the Lord shall judge the living and the dead, was already upon them. I saw an old man stretched on the ground, weeping copiously and in broken accents crying out continuously: "O Father Jesus, pardon for my sons, pardon for this poor old man who has always found you a Father! O Father Jesus," he cried out in a heroic outburst of love, "pardon for the tears that your dear mother shed at the foot of the cross, and if ever the children of my heart should be about to offend you, destroy them!" The hymn "Perdón oh Dios mio" was then chanted by the immense crowd, and seemed a necessary alleviation from the pain of such great sorrow. So finished the moving exercises of that night, so full of salutary grief which the grace of God had excited in every heart.

On the evening of the 17th, a sermon was given to prepare the people for the final act of the mission—the forgiving their enemies. Fr. La Cerda preached on the parable of the prodigal son. Opening the Bible he began his exordium by saying: "I ask you, my brethren, to give ear to the words of our Lord, in order that the call which I am going to make this evening, to all sinners who desire to cast themselves into the arms of our heavenly Father, may be most efficacious." He then read the telling narrative of the prodigal son, the inimitable simplicity of which is so peculiar to the books of divine inspiration. His discourse was marked

by persuasiveness and an enchanting eloquence, and finished by an appeal to the Virgin Mother of all sinners. So well prepared had the people been by this exercise that they awaited with eagerness the opening of the following exercise. For many hours before the first bell the whole church was filled; and several times the pastor was obliged to go and assign places to the people. The men were put in the presbytery and the four chapels of the church, while the body of the church was occupied solely by the women. The customary exercises opened the evening; but during them a look of unusual expectation was on every countenance, and from time to time the audience glanced impatiently towards the pulpit. Finally the preacher appeared in the pulpit, and, after rendering a homage of love and fealty to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, began his discourse by relating the parable of the ungrateful servant. The fervor, the rapid eloquence and the simple but keen insight with which the preacher paraphrased the bible narrative, moved the people to sentiments of Christian charity and forbearance. The tears and breathless silence in which they listened were proofs sufficient of what was passing in their hearts. The missionary paused for a moment, and then asked pardon of his hearers for whatever disedification he had given them. The pastor, addressing the missioners, asked pardon for himself and his beloved flock, and begged the Lord to give them all the grace to persevere in the learning that showed the way to heaven. The Blessed Sacrament was then borne in procession through the church, while Fr. La Cerda exhorted the people to forgive their enemies, in imitation of their Lord, who deigned to pass among them forgiving them their offences. It was certainly a day of glory and triumph for the Sacred Heart of Jesus as he moved among so many souls who were returning to him and offering in holocaust to him the rebellion of their most unconquerable passions. I shall not easily forget the profound impression produced by that processional march of the King of Heaven.

After that day the tribunal of penance was the consolation of the many souls that flocked in crowds to be reconciled to God. Another missioner came to Parras to help to gather the abundant harvest that was ripe for the granaries of heaven. Confessions of five, ten, twenty and forty years were heard. One old sinner of eighty years made his confession for the first time. More than five thousand five hundred people went to confession, of whom three hundred were children preparing for their first Communion.

REMEMBRANCES OF OUR FATHERS OF THE OLD SOCIETY IN PARRAS.

The mission of Parras was begun by Fr. Gerónimo Ramirez, a tireless and zealous workman, and an intrepid missionary, who has left, throughout the republic and in other lands, a lasting remembrance of his learning and holiness. We do not know whether Mass was first said in the mission by Fr. Ramirez or by Fr. Espinosa, but a work of art belonging to the church attached to our former college in the city, shows that it was said by a father of the Society. The picture of which we speak is in the possession of the curate, the licentiate, D. Feliciano Cordero. It is a bust of our Savior, and is a very creditable work of art in the opinion of those fitted to judge. Below it is the following inscription, which the writer has often seen: "Before this sacred picture, the first Mass was said in the cave of Texcalco by a priest of the Society of Jesus, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year 1594." This document and the fact that Our Lady of the Assumption is the titular feast of Parras, give a foundation to the belief that the fathers of the Society mentioned above, and not a religious of some other order, were the founders of this Christian community.

Great must have been the joy felt by the fathers on again entering, after more than a century, that very church whence their brothers in religion had sent up their prayers to heaven. It is still in good condition and has the great solidity characteristic of buildings of former generations. The well preserved retable of the high altar is in the taste of that time, and the statues of the saints of the Society which adorn it have not much artistic merit, though that of St. Ignatius, which occupies the centre over the altar, seems to be from a more skilful hand. The great and immortal chief stands in the midst of his children, holding in his hands the divine book of his Constitutions. In the chapels, there are paintings of much taste and greater merit. Some of them would attract the attention of artists. In this church Fr. Argüelles gave the instructions in catechism in the last days of our mission.

Those happy days for the pious city of Parras seemed to have returned, when, in the church of St. Ignatius, they heard from the sanctuary the voice of one of his children. After a few moments of prayer, Fr. Argüelles ascended the pulpit, and one could have noted in his countenance the ineffable joy he felt at standing where his brethren in religion had stood, for the last time, more than a century before, on

the very day of the expulsion by Charles III., to bid a last good-bye to their children. We have found out, and Fr. Argüelles will forgive us for telling it, that when he ascended and left the pulpit, he kissed the floor in a transport of joy, bathing it, perhaps, in the sweet tears that such happy memories drew from him. On an elevation in the picturesque valley in which the city is situated, is the place where the first Mass was said. It is a cave, called the cave of Texcalco, cut out of the rock, some four yards high and about three wide. The people have always cherished a great devotion for the spot, and have placed within the cave a wooden cross with a white shroud hanging from its arms. The present owner, D. Antero Perez, a Spaniard, told one of our fathers that it was his intention to decorate this memorable place, to preserve the recollection of the foundation of the mission and of the city.

There is another memorial of our fathers in the character of the people of the neighborhood, who, in their manners, their religious spirit, and their Christian courtesy, show the indelible impress of the teaching that their ancestors received from the fathers of the Society. And it gives them great pleasure to be able to say that the Society of Jesus lives again among them, after so many vicissitudes and so long a separation. And the hope that the illustrious sons of Loyola may come back to their home, is fed by the faith that they taught them, and by the sweet and gentle consolation which, with lavish hands and ardent zeal, they have been pouring upon the people of the city and country. May the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary grant their prayer.

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO BR. MANUEL MIRANDA, PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC IN SALTILLO.

St. Simon, Dec. 27th, 1887.

My dear Brother in Xt.,

P. C.

We began our retreat on November the 25th. During it I had a distraction in the thought of giving a retreat to the people attached to this *hacienda* When my retreat was over, I proposed it to Fr. Luis G. Morandi, the Rector, and he gave me his permission. Then I began to be somewhat afraid, as I know how useless I am, but still, my dear brother, our Lord made use of me in '81, so that no one could say "I did this," but that all should praise God.

The number of *rancheros* who came for the retreat was three hundred and twenty-five, a very considerable number,

if we consider the scanty population of this *hacienda*. They were lodged in rooms and corridors, which were fitted up as dormitories by the tireless coadjutor, Br. Manuel Revuelta.

At length my work began. The scholastics helped me, by taking charge of the reading at 2 P. M. and the explanation of Christian doctrine at 5. Frs. Minister, Vermeiren, Marin, Castro and Grajales heard most of the confessions, and even Fr. Rector gave his help. All of their community exercises were gone through with so well, and with such modesty and silence, that Fr. Larracoechea, our former rector, who came from Puebla to pass some days here, said, "They are more like novices than like *rancheros*." This father gave four or five of the sermons. My dear brother, had you but seen my battalion drawn up in the corridors and the court-yard of the college! Had you seen them, as I did, the day of Communion! Had you heard all weeping when the hour of separation came on the last day! . . . . What devotion at prayer, what attention to the sermons, what compunction, what tears in their confessions! How many sincere reconciliations of enemies, what humility, in those who bore old grudges, in kissing each other's feet! What joyful faces on the day of Communion, what clear tokens that their souls were in the grace of God! Blessed be His Majesty! My bark was little, my net unserviceable, but Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to whom I consecrated this retreat, gave me efficacious helps to make a good catch of big, heavy fish.

I must tell you some of the humorous things, which show the simplicity of their souls, so that you may see how God is with them. The last day, they did not seem able to leave me. No matter how much I told them that this was the work of our Lord, they kept on crying, laughing, kissing my hands, going down on their knees, embracing me, asking me for pictures . . . . Some said to me: "Give me a photograph of Your Reverence to remember you by all my life (todita la vida)." One tall fellow, with light hair and beard, and dressed in black jacket and pantaloons, came into my room, stood looking at me with much seriousness, and finally said: "Hear the truth (*verdá*), Father, I am going to give you something for cigarettes (que le *vó* a dar *pa* sus cigarros)." Another came in with some candy and said, "Father, eat this candy they brought (*tragieron*) me." "My child," said I, "why don't you eat it yourself?" "Good-bye," he answered, "I would give you my heart (*conque yo quero* darle mi corazon)." Then he took a piece, bit it, and went off crying. The words italicized will show you the *rancheros*' pronunciation.

When they had gone home, and I had a chance to look after my prayers, I shut myself up in "our department," and came out only after an hour and a half. Excuse this account, brother, but tell me what are your thoughts. I guess them; you are thinking of God, and thanking him, and you see in all this the grace of vocation. Do not forget, you and all my brothers, to pray to God that I may correspond with this grace.

Your brother in Xt.,

IGNACIO LEON, S. J.

FATHER VERDIN'S JUBILEE.

DEAR FATHER,

I was aware that you were already in press, yet I was unable, owing to circumstances, to put together the items about Fr. Verdin's golden jubilee which I fancied would please you. But, by the way, for a short while, a week or two ago, we were thinking of anything but his jubilee; for it appeared quite possible, if not to some extent probable, that he intended to spend it with the Society triumphant or, as some—*arguendo*, of course, *non asserendo*—put it, with the Church suffering. At least he himself seems to have felt that there was not much humor in the situation. "Did you think you were going to die, Fr. Verdin?" some one asked him afterwards in recreation. "Well," he remarked with that short humorous "ha ha!" of his, "I really did, for the first time in my life, wonder what that other world could look like." All, of course, is (in that far) well, that ends well, but it appeared for a time that there was going to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," and that where man had been for some time proposing, God was now going to dispose.

He did not, however, dispose against the jubilee celebration, but, on the contrary, so rapidly promoted Fr. Verdin's convalescence that he is now quite strong, as far as that quality can be predicated of him at sixty-six. And, indeed, he needed all the staying powers at his command to take his part in the long ceremonies of the jubilee Mass, and to indulge in the mild dissipation of his jubilee holiday. He is to be congratulated on the miracle (he does not distinguish, but I imagine he means of the third order) thus performed in his favor; for he bore up without any apparent

fatigue throughout the whole day, and, for that matter, was fresh and hearty the following day.

There was very little secrecy about the celebration, nor was it, of course, our object, for the local Catholic and secular journals were full, for a week before, of miniature biographies or panegyrics of Rev. John S. Verdin, S J.; and occasionally a bold-faced caricature of his handsome features amused us, perhaps pained his relatives, and suggested to his legal friends a capital provocation for a sensational libel suit. Like every other progressive American institution, however, these things served the purpose—of advertising the man and the occasion. Accordingly, it was not long before parties and missives began to disturb the quiet of his room, all coming in for the jubilee to talk over old times and to say how delighted they all were to wish him a very happy feast upon the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into religion. Among a number of the communications sent to him on the occasion, many were full of humor, droll reminiscences and laughable instances in the past.

On the eve of the auspicious day, Fr. Rector invited him to meet the students in University Hall. This hall, as Fr. Verdin noticed in his remarks after the reception, was completed and frescoed during his administration. It was in the ornamentation of its ceiling that good Fr. Costa, who was well known in the East and was minister here at the time, lost his life. The addresses tendered, each of which was presented with a large and handsome basket of flowers, were brief, but elicited much feeling. "The mere thought, Fr. Verdin," said a neat little boy who spoke for the preparatory department, "that you have been so long a chosen soldier of Christ, would fill us with respect for you, but we are more drawn to you by the knowledge that you have always been the special friend of little boys, and, although we are pretty thoughtless fellows, we are as grateful to you as if you had done those kindnesses to ourselves. The little boys with whom you dealt are big boys now, big whiskered boys of thirty or forty or even of fifty years of age. They are not quite so lively as they were so long ago. They have grown solemn, they say, in the struggle of life; but if they were not scattered everywhere they would certainly like to come and thank you to-day for much of the happiness of their school-boy days. They would not, however, thank you as little boys, so we thank you for them. We thank you in their place for all the kindnesses they experienced from you in the class-room and the yard; we thank you in their place for all the good you did them by teaching them to be good boys, so that they might be good men. For

ourselves, we only wish that our desires could make your jubilee, if possible, a more happy one." Their words caused the good father no little emotion, as was evident from the tone and nervousness with which he expressed his gratitude for the affection which the rising generation manifested towards one of the old landmarks. After he had listened for a while longer to some choice pieces of music in his honor by the college choir, he bade his young friends good evening and gave them an invitation to his jubilee Mass, and, that they might be all the happier on the morrow, informed them that his jubilee meant a whole holiday for them.

At nine o'clock the following day, he sang the first High Mass he has intoned for years. Nor did he appear to be fatigued; for immediately after Mass he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, kneeling the whole time of the exposition. He was assisted by two of his fellow students at the university fifty or more years ago, Fr. Florentine J. Boudreaux, as deacon and Fr. J. G. H. Kernion, as subdeacon. Fr. Weber, who himself celebrated his jubilee last September, was assistant priest, Fr. Schapman, Vice-Rector of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, acted as master of ceremonies. FF. Provincial, Higgins, Bushart, Frieden, Lalumière, Rosswinkel, and Hagemann, Rectors and Superiors, respectively, of Chicago, St. Mary's, Detroit, Milwaukee, Osage Mission and Florissant, together with FF. Socius, Thos. O'Neil, Hoeffer and Votel, the Rector-elect of St. Mary's, were seated in the sanctuary. Fr. M. Dowling, Vice-Rector of Creighton College, Omaha, preached the jubilee sermon. An abbreviation of the sermon appeared in the *Globe-Democrat* of the following day; it is a fair sample of his thought, which was spoken with unusual eloquence. High Mass, as I have already said, was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, thus prolonging the services to nearly twelve o'clock. When it was over, Fr. Verdin retired to his room for a short rest and to make his thanksgiving.

At dinner, which almost immediately followed High Mass, and in which Fr. Minister had gone to extraordinary pains to show his appreciation of the event, his substantial solicitude for the wants, and his nice regard for the taste of his guests, a number of addresses were made or read to Fr. Verdin, conveying the good wishes of the various colleges in which he had labored during the last fifty years. On behalf of Fr. Rector and the community of St. Louis, Fr. Magevney said that we all joyfully united in thanking God with him for the glorious crown of his fiftieth year.

He alluded to the work Fr. Verdin had inaugurated or accomplished at the university, and the host of friends in the city to whom his name is yet as familiar and the music of its utterance as sweet as the silver melody of the bells in our "old church steeple."

Fr. Higgins was grieved, he remarked, at the inconsiderate freedom with which the orator of the day had helped himself to the staple figures of the occasion, but still he would not refrain from taking this occasion of referring to Fr. Verdin's work in Chicago and in the interest of St. Ignatius' College. He dwelt upon the spirit of earnestness which marked the good father's zeal in this difficult field, and concluded the well chosen expression of regard entertained by himself and his community for Fr. Verdin, by a warm allusion to his charity which had always singled him out in the province as the object of every one's friendship and affection. Charitable under every circumstance himself, he taught others to be charitable, and us his brethren to love one another. "For this we thank you, Fr. Verdin, and upon this particularly do we felicitate you on your jubilee festival."

"If the old college of St. Xavier's," said Fr. Schapman, "cannot have the first place among those who congratulate you to-day, she should certainly possess the choicest place in your recollections, as you, Fr. Verdin, certainly hold in hers. But whether first, second, or last, she will be surpassed by none in the thorough heartiness with which she offers you her greetings and felicitations. This, dear Fr. Verdin, I am commissioned to say for every division of her community. They will have me assure you that the fruit they are now reaping is, in their conviction, due in a great measure to the pioneer efforts of yourself and your companions. But what they prize most of all is the cheerful sunshine of fraternal charity with which you have warmed and brightened the religious atmosphere around them. The sense of gratitude which this has awakened in their breasts cannot easily be told in words; but they would say that, henceforth, their daily wish and prayer shall be, that our Blessed Lord, the dearest interests of whose heart you have thus so signally promoted, may ever keep lengthening out your span till every other college of the province has had as large a share of your charitable ministrations as old St. Xavier's."

One of the old Woodstockians then presented His Reverence with the album of choice verses in which his late spiritual charge at Woodstock expressed their jubilee greetings. He said that it was always hard successfully to convey another's feelings; doubly so when this was connected with the nicer obligation of presenting the greetings of some

of Fr. Verdin's absent but heartiest well-wishers. "Your many spiritual solicitudes," he continued, "have established relations between Your Reverence and thousands whose gratitude and esteem prompts them to say to-day much more than your religious modesty will permit you to hear. Among these thousands, none, perhaps, will be received with more cordial affection, as none surely have been less behind hand in extending to Your Reverence tokens of their devotion and joy, than your friends in Woodstock. You alone can put the right interpretation upon their sentiments, as you alone can fairly understand or justly conjecture that secret, in your mutual relations, which has prompted their individual expressions. To us it is indeed very gratifying, that all your late spiritual children, from your very devoted friend, the Rev. Rector, to the youngest brother in the community of Woodstock, send a filial congratulation to 'dear Fr. Verdin.' Some say more, some say less, but all, as it were emulating the cheerful kindness with which each was sure to be heard, have spoken as they know you speak, and as you taught them to speak,—gayly, pleasantly. What they say would, as I told you, overtax me to convey as they meant it, or is of that niceness of sentiment which would be marred or indelicately intruded upon by a repetition, even in this sympathizing presence. It is, then, with signal pleasure that I feel enabled to offer you their own neat formula of their jubilee greetings, instead of a forced assurance to you of what should be, as this little album amply testifies actually has been, their sincere mindfulness of your golden jubilee. Permit me then, dear Father, to insert these few words, as a preface to Woodstock's little volume of love and esteem, that they may always say that to you, for the album itself, which, upon its handsome pages, each Woodstockian has very affectionately said for himself."

Apart from their appositeness, many of the productions and selections in the album are characteristic; some, too, exhibit a graceful and even singular art. It looks a little invidious to select where there is so much that challenges admiration, but I cannot refrain from transcribing one or two selections that grew very popular at sight. I give no names and therefore respect the modesty of the retired artists: —

Rest thee, old soldier of God!
And garland thy brow with these leaves,—
Not of the Delphic laurel
Which conquering leader receives;
But a wreath of the golden *loto*
Which Rest in her slumbering weaves.

For Action and Rest are one,
As Work and Prayer are the same,
Action is Rest in God
If the souls of men we reclaim,—
And Rest is Action untired
If we feed Zeal's aspiring flame.

—

"*A threefold cord is not easily broken*"—ECCLES. iv, 12.

For two score years and ten
A triple cord hath bound,
As one, the hearts of twain ;
And in this threefold band
One strand was silk—the Blue
Of Faith and Constancy.
The silver thread of Hope
Was there to light the gloom
Whose shades contrast with joy.
But strongest was the strand
Of golden Charity,
Whose might from him was drawn
Who is in essence Love.
O Triple Cord, last on,
Nor snap for many a year !
Last on till Faith and Hope,
The Silver and the Blue,
Be merged into the Gold
Of endless Charity.

—

Laudes nonne tuo conduntur nomine—VERDIN ?
Tu VIR namque DEI, candidiorque NIVE.
DIVE Dei serve, o VERI et virtutis amator,
Augens divitias et bona quoque DIE !
VER vitæ Domino VERNI illi cordis amores
Devoti : juvenis munera pulchra VIDE.
Nec desunt huic NERVI, sed VI pollet et æquo,
Quem IN rectos calles fortiter IRE juvat ;
Huic toties DENI faciunt fastidia nulla
In Domini RE anni ; sed volat alacrior.
RIVE VENI fluctus alias qui volvis in oras,
RIDE iterum nobis, concitus INDE REDI.

There are, I say, other very pretty pieces, but I have cited enough. Does it not, as you read, strike you that jubilee poetry and renovation verses exhibit other varieties than those suggested by their *differentiæ specificæ?* The afflatus, of course, I allow for; but I feel impressed that while the spirit of song breathes but where it will, at these semi-annual crises its breathing is heavy sometimes, especially when it breathes in Greek or Hebrew, not to allude to its Vedic expirations, very measured indeed. However, it would not be

hard now to persuade Fr. Verdin that every bard, English and even Latin, in your mountain home, even he whose short, shrill note was "Me too," breathes very very sweetly.

Fr. Rector concluded the ceremonies by presenting Fr. Verdin with a number of letters from the East, West, North and South. The scholastics from the various colleges in the country, the tertians with the Fr. Instructor, convents, congregations, religious and priests in nearly all the great cities East and West, old students of the university, ladies and gentlemen from a number of the neighboring and even distant states, had written or telegraphed their good wishes or sent on letters full of merry sayings or happy recollections of the old times. Some of these, the affectionate letter, to mention but one or two, from the scholastics of Spring Hill, and the happy little note from the professors of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, and a number of telegrams from Woodstock, Georgetown, Washington, New Orleans, Milwaukee, etc., Fr. Rector read; but the great bulk of the correspondence he simply handed to the good father that he might peruse them at his leisure.

Fr. Verdin spent the afternoon in attending to the numbers who crowded around to see him before the day was over. In the evening, he was at the disposition of the community once more, and was entertained by them, in the Philalethic Hall, with music, poems and reminiscences of the old place and his fellow pioneers. It was a pleasant evening; the rectors of the various houses were there in a body, and conduced very materially to render the enjoyment of all, but especially of Fr. Verdin, as complete as possible. Fr. Verdin, who seemed to have actually grown strong by the exertions which he had put forth in the morning, was all to all and everywhere, evidently proving that the spirit of his lifelong cheerfulness and kindness has not grown old with the length of years or less buoyant with the weakness of age.

Were this letter shorter, and I not, as I suspect, almost too late for your present number of the LETTERS, I would have been pleased to add a word or two as to our coming migration and things and places connected with such a topic, but not now.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

C.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

John Bapst was born at La Roche, a village of the canton of Fribourg, Switzerland, December 7th, 1815. His parents were prosperous farmers, and were therefore able to give their three sons, Joseph, John and Abel, a thorough education. At an early age, John was sent to the village schools. Even at this time he gave promise of his subsequent brilliant career. His assiduity in study and his quickness in acquiring knowledge commended him in a special manner to his teachers. His piety was not less remarkable than his studiousness. While naturally gay and fond of the sports of boyhood, he possessed a wonderful degree of self-control, a rare love of the things of God, an open hand and a generous heart that beat in quick sympathy with the poor of Christ. To these gifts was joined a virginal purity of soul. Brought up in the saving atmosphere of a thoroughly Catholic canton, far from the blighting influence of a large city, faith took such deep root in his soul that, ever after, in his subsequent life, amid heretics and infidels, it made him victorious in every encounter. The love of good was instilled into his young heart in such a way as to make him proof against all the temptations of later life.

Even at the early age of eight, he gave signs of the destiny towards which the hand of God was guiding him. He used to relate with a merry laugh, that at this period of his life, all his leisure moments were employed in building little altars, singing Mass and Vespers, and preaching soul-stirring discourses to a vast congregation composed of beings no more vital than the listening oaks and contrite willows of his native forests.

Having finished the course at the schools of La Roche, he was sent, at about the age of twelve, to the famous college at Fribourg. Here he passed successively through the course of grammar, humanities, rhetoric and philosophy. An old school friend of Father Bapst's, who still survives, has recently written concerning this stage of his life: "John Bapst was ever regarded as one of the most brilliant and,

withal, thorough students in his various classes, especially in philosophy."

The course of philosophy at St. Michael's lasted two years; but such was Father Bapst's eagerness to be enrolled among the sons of St. Ignatius, that he could not await the completion of his philosophy, but, at the close of the first year, applied for admission into the Society. He was received into the novitiate at Estavayer-le-lac (Stäfis), canton of Fribourg, September 30th, 1835. The late Father Enders, who had entered the same novitiate a year previous to Father Bapst's coming, relates the impression he created on his arrival: "He was then nineteen years of age, and possessed a really noble countenance, at once handsome and betokening a wonderful candor. He won all hearts from the very start." At the end of his first year of probation, the novitiate was transferred to Brigg. Father Bapst ever recalled these days of his noviceship as the happiest of his life. He was esteemed as one of the fervent among the novices, while his piety was ever free from all evanescent sentimentalism. His was a manly piety, a piety not unmingled with a religious gaiety, springing from a deeply religious soul, and growing in vigor as years went on, until it made itself felt in his subsequent masterly direction of the interior life of many religious souls.

The year following Fr. Bapst's entrance into the novitiate, his brother Joseph, his senior by two years, went to join him at Brigg. Joseph Bapst was an edifying novice. After taking his vows, he was engaged for a number of years as teacher in the College of St. Michael. He was an excellent religious, but was a prey to torturing scruples. He could not be persuaded to assume the responsibility of the priesthood, and, as a consequence, was obliged to leave the Society, after a religious life of twelve years. His departure caused great grief to Fr. Bapst's brotherly heart. Joseph had received minor orders, and, until his death in 1883, wore the dress of an ecclesiastic. He continued to hold the chair of philosophy at St. Michael's College even after the expulsion of the Society from Switzerland in 1847, and eventually became its rector, following in all things, as far as he could, the traditions of the Society, for which he ever retained a filial love.

In Sept. 1837, at the end of his noviceship, Father Bapst was sent to the scholasticate at Fribourg, to pursue his philosophy for two years. After completing his course of philosophy he studied rhetoric for a year. In 1840 he began his professorship at St. Michael's, his *alma mater*. Here he taught for three years, of which the first was devoted to the

upper class of rudiments, the other two, to the class of third grammar. "Though not possessed of a commanding presence, and destitute of any great personal authority," writes a companion of those days, "he was able by his religious self-control, his engaging piety, as well as his marvellous prudence and tact, to obtain and keep perfect control of his class —no easy task, as the class numbered from fifty to sixty scholars. During the last year of his teaching he had among his associates the Very Rev. Father Anderledy, now General of the Society.

He entered upon the study of theology in 1843, and, during his four years' course, showed that herein lay his forte.

During his first year of theology, Fr. Bapst suffered a severe blow in the loss of his younger brother Abel, who died while still a student at St. Michael's. Among his fellow students was the venerable Father Charles Billet, a cherished friend of Fr. Bapst, to whom, as well as to Brother Adolph Kraus, of Exaeten, Holland, we are deeply indebted for much valuable information with reference to Father Bapst's early career.

On the thirty-first day of December, 1846, Father Bapst, then in his third year of theology, had the great happiness of receiving the order of priesthood at the hands of the Right Reverend Stephen Marilley, Bishop of the diocese of Lausanne, Switzerland. On New-Year's day, 1847, Fr. Bapst, with tender devotion and unbounded spiritual joy, which manifested itself in his frank, open countenance, offered for the first time the holy sacrifice.

At the urgent recommendation of the noble-minded councilman Joseph Leu of Ebersol, the Jesuits, who had established themselves in Fribourg in 1818, and in Schwyz in 1836, were, by a decree of the council of Lucerne, passed Oct. 24th 1844, invited to Lucerne. This excited the indignation of the radicals, who organized a volunteer army for the overthrow of the "domination of the Jesuits" in Lucerne. Their attacks were especially directed against the noble councilman, whose assassination they procured, and in November, 1847, with the help of the reformed cantons, they commenced a warfare against the Catholic Sonderbund (separate alliance of the Catholic cantons), which ended in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland.

Fr. Bapst was sent to France to make at Notre Dame d'Ay his third year of probation under the enlightened direction of Fr. Fouillot, who ever afterwards retained a cherished place in his heart.

In the early part of May, 1848, when his tertianship was drawing to a close, he was hurriedly summoned one after-

noon to the room of the Father Instructor, who communicated to him the order of the Reverend Provincial, Father Minoux, directing him to proceed at once to Antwerp, there to take steamer for America. Father Bapst was stunned by the unexpected news, and was greatly distressed. He was unable to hide his grief; tears sprang to his eyes, and he felt powerless to restrain their flow. His fellow-tertians, on his return to their midst, noticed his great emotion and eagerly inquired its cause. "I am ordered to America" he said in broken accents, "and I have never thought of that land. I do not believe I was ever made for the missions." His sympathizing brethren, to whom he had greatly endeared himself, had often heard him express the natural repugnance he felt for the foreign missions, and were not surprised at the agitation he manifested. They knew, too, how keenly his affectionate heart would feel the wide separation from his native land, so passionately loved by every true Swiss. "Write then," they urged him, "to Rev. Father Provincial, manifest to him your repugnance for the missions, and he will not hesitate to change your destination." "Oh! I will take care never to pursue such a course;" he bravely replied, "I did not ask to go, but my superior sends me; I obey. May the holy will of God be done!" He bade farewell to his brethren and proceeded without delay to Antwerp, where he met forty other members of the province, bound like himself for the great republic of the West. Among them was V. Rev. Fr. Anderledy, who afterwards labored on the missions in Wisconsin. The poor exiles, on their arrival in New York towards the end of May, 1848, were received with open arms by Fr. Ignatius Brocard, formerly Provincial of Switzerland, then the Provincial of the Maryland Province, and by their American brethren of the New York Mission.

Some of their number were destined for the West, others were reserved to toil in the province of Maryland. Among the latter was Father Bapst. Soon after his arrival, while still totally unacquainted with the language and customs of his adopted country, he was sent by Fr. Brocard to the Indian Mission at Old Town, Maine, which had been, for nearly twenty years, deprived of the ministrations of a priest. His journey thither and his first labors in that wild region are best described by himself in a beautiful letter addressed to his beloved friend and constant adviser, the venerable Fr. Joseph Duverney, who died the death of the just at Frederick ten years ago. Here is a translation of the letter, originally written in French:—

Old Town, June 10th, 1850.

To Rev. Jos. Duverney, S. J.,

My Reverend and very dear Father,

P. C.

I have received the letter which you were kind enough to write in reply to the difficulties which I had put you. I know not how to thank you for it. This dissertation so lucid, has cleared up all my doubts. I was well aware that between Protestants of good faith and ourselves, everything might be reduced to this point—the proof of the insufficiency of private interpretation and the infallibility of the Church; but whilst I had sufficient skill not to let myself be dishonored in the combat, I was not always skillful enough to win a complete victory; never having gone to the bottom of the question, I maintained the truth, but found it hard to bring conviction to the mind. I shall now enter upon the campaign with greater security . . . I await with impatience the remainder of that dissertation and the answer to the other questions which I have sent you. I have other doubts of no less importance to propose. I shall make ample use of the freedom which in your ingenious charity you have been pleased to allow me.

In return, since you are good enough to say that a full account of my mission would interest you, I shall relate in detail the most edifying things that have happened since my sojourn on this solitary island in the midst of savages. I shall speak of good and ill with all that sincerity which friendship demands; but Your Reverence must know in advance that most of the facts that I am going to write, I have already related in letters which I have sent either to Europe or to Georgetown.

I must not then begin my account *ab ovo*, still, a remarkable thing that preceded my setting out for America must not be passed over in silence. After the unfortunate events that cast upon a strange land all the Jesuits of our province, I was sent by Rev. Fr. Minoux to Notre Dame d'Ay, there to make my third year. Never, up to that time, had I had a thought of becoming a missioner. One night, some time after the long retreat, I had a singular dream: I saw in my sleep a people who were not fashioned as other peoples; their color, above all, struck me; they were not negroes, and still, they did not resemble the whites. At the same time a voice told me distinctly that on the morrow I should set out to go and live among these strange men that I saw before me. The next morning my dream was still perfectly present to my mind; I was most eager to tell it in recreation, not neglecting to remind them that I must be off that very same day. All the fathers began to laugh; for they knew my repugnance for the foreign missions. Wonderful to relate, the same day at 3 P. M. a letter came from Rev. Fr. Minoux, bidding some of us to start immediately for the missions beyond the sea. At six o'clock that day I was on my way to America.

I shall not describe here our long and tiresome voyage. Having reached New York we were met by Rev. Fr. Brocard, who came to receive the Swiss exiles. He offered me the mission among the Indians at Old Town; I accepted it, not without some disappointment. Having embraced for the last time the companions whom Providence had brought with me to America, with Fr. Eck I boarded a steamer bound for Boston. Carried along by the steam we arrived at that city in an incredibly short time. After some days of rest there, I had finally to part with the last friend that remained to me in this world. Alone then I went aboard the steamboat, and in two days reached my destination—Old Town. When I beheld my new home for the first time, my heart began to beat in a wonderful way. I stepped into a canoe to cross the river that separated me from my island. The Indians who had been informed of my arrival, had prepared a brilliant reception for me. The moment I was descried upon the river, all assembled at the spot where I was to land; when I put my foot on

the island, the noise of cannon announced the arrival of the missioner; a large flag was dipped in his honor; the ringing of the bells, long silent, announced to the tribe a day of rejoicing. Soon the Indians surrounded me with great respect and welcomed me after their own peculiar fashion. I had no sooner set my eyes on these savages than to my astonishment I recognized the very men whom I had seen in my dream at Notre Dame d'Ay. They led me first to the church, where, after a hymn of thanksgiving, I wished to address them a few words in French; but I soon saw that no one understood me. At length they brought me to the house intended for my use. When I saw myself alone on that wild island, three thousand leagues from my country, my heart still sad with the thoughts which overpowered me when I broke the ties that bound me to parents and friends, then for the first time I realized the full import of the sacrifice I had made. I wished to talk with the Indians but it was impossible to make myself understood; still the expression of good will which they manifested finally touched me. The next day I had the good fortune of saying Mass for the first time upon my island; at the end of a few days I began really to understand my situation; I had found an Indian that spoke French.

They assigned to me as an attendant the daughter of a great chief. She is really accomplished, and is well able to take care of a priest's house. Some time after my arrival she came into my room to put it in order. After some moments she turned towards me and said: "Father, I have something to tell you."—"Well, speak it out."—"I believe that I shall be saved," she exclaimed. I began to laugh, and asked her why she said that. "This is my reason, Father; some time before your arrival when no one as yet spoke of you, nor knew of your coming, I saw one night, whilst sleeping peacefully, two priests come to our island, and at the same time I heard a voice that said to me: 'Go, tend them in their house, and if you do it as you should, you shall be saved.' Some time thereafter," she added, "you came; and without my speaking to any one of my dream, the Indians chose me to take care of your house." Finally she asked me what I thought of the whole affair.

The mission of Old Town was founded by a father of the old Society, Fr. Rasle. After he had converted the savages of Maine, and had devoted himself to their service during more than twenty years, at the cost of immense sacrifices and incredible privations, he was at last butchered by the Protestants at the foot of a cross which he himself had erected. This tribe continued to be directed by our fathers until the suppression of the Society.

It was on the 7th of August, the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Society that I came in the name of that same Society to take possession anew of that precious inheritance of our ancient fathers, made fruitful, as it has been, by so much blood and so much sweat.

I had imagined on my arrival that all the Indians were still good Catholics, as in the time of our missioners. But my illusion did not last long. I soon perceived that they had degenerated greatly. During more than twenty years they have been without a priest, and they have lost both faith and morals. The Indians are commonly drunkards by profession; perhaps half of them no longer believe in hell, nor purgatory, nor confession, nor Communion, nor Church, nor fasts, nor abstinence, nor festivals, nor anything else; moreover, they are estranged from each other by such implacable hatred, that they are driven from time to time to the very last excess. When I had recognized the greatness of the evil, I resolved to remedy it. To accomplish this I had to speak to them; so I set myself to study their language with earnestness. Their language which has no analogy to any living tongue, seems, as I told you in my last letter, to be derived from the Hebrew, of which it appeared to be a corruption. This conjecture is confirmed by the opinion of some American historians, who make our Indians descendants of the Jews themselves. However it may be, at the end of some months, I knew enough

of their language to hear confessions, and now not a week passes without my giving the Indians an instruction in their own tongue.

One of the most deplorable vices prevalent among the Indians is drunkenness, and their drunkenness is so much the more mischievous that when they are drunk they become savage again in the full force of the term. When I came to the island, every hut was a tavern, where brandy was either sold or drank, and where, consequently, they wrangled and fought continually. I leave you to imagine the disorders, the excesses, the miseries that resulted therefrom . . . . Serious ills require stringent remedies. Having in a course of instructions in Indian laid bare the crime of drunkenness and its awful consequences in this life and the next, I formed a temperance society; men and women all entered it. Once the society was firmly established, I publicly declared that whoever got drunk in future could not enter the church, until he had asked public pardon for the scandal he had given. The Indian character must be known to understand the great severity of this punishment. They were struck with fear and for a long time I believed that drunkenness had disappeared forever from our favored island. But at last habit, that second nature, got the upper hand. One day they came to tell me that such a one was drunk. It was a critical moment. I sent word to the culprit that if he wished to enter the church he must submit to the rule laid down. The sentence came upon him like a thunderbolt; some of the tribe even muttered threats against me, but I remained immovable. At last after some shifts and a manifestation of incredible repugnance, one Sunday, this proud child of nature was seen to advance with lowly mien to the centre of the church, and there on his knees in presence of a large congregation beg pardon for the scandal he had given. We had other cases like this, but I held firm and soon drinking would have been brought within bounds but for a circumstance of which I shall speak soon, and which has frustrated all my efforts. Unfortunately, drunkenness was not the only vice that prevailed among these Indians whom I had come to evangelize.

For more than twenty years an evil has had sway among them which is probably incurable. I speak of party divisions, which separate them into two hostile camps. These divisions are the result now of hate, now of an old grudge, then again of fights and excesses of all kinds; they have caused more than fifteen priests, who have succeeded each other rapidly upon the island, to abandon this post as untenable, and who had exhausted all possible means of reconciliation; and should I myself be obliged to retire, these divisions will be the cause of it.

Here is the occasion on which these two irreconcilable parties were formed. Twenty years ago, perhaps more, the great chief, without the consent of his savages, sold some of the common tribal land, and even some acres which belonged to individuals; the money he kept for himself and his friends. Infuriated by this act of injustice, half of the savages left him and chose another chief. At that moment the demon of discord fixed his court at Old Town and uninterrupted wars have not ceased to desolate the island. Each year sees these savages quit the woods where they have been on the chase, and run together to Old Town to tear one another to pieces like ferocious beasts. The victorious party having marched over the island for several days, everywhere inspiring terror, finally cuts the mast of the vanquished. With them the mast is the symbol of power, and once cut the party to which the mast belongs is considered vanquished.

Since my coming to Old Town, now close upon two years, I have already assisted at two of these civil wars, "quorum pars magna fui." I shall tell you of the second of these. Some weeks after my arrival I was visited by the great chief of a distant tribe; he had been called to act as mediator between the two parties. The Indians gave him a most worthy reception. In his honor they had a public dance, at which I myself had to assist. Nothing more innocent than this dance. In place of musical instruments of all kinds, they had a small bag filled with lead. An Indian of high

dignity shook the lead for the purpose of making the measure, whilst the others leaped in time, one after the other, and without ever touching one another, and at the same time sent forth a cry intended to lend assistance to the instrument of lead in regulating the measure. At the ontset this cry was low and slow; as the dance went on, the cry became higher and quicker, until at length they reached a pitch beyond which it would be impossible for the human voice to go, while the quickness of the cry became extreme. Then they stopped, but only to begin again.

On the morrow the great chief, the mediator, called together the assembly. I assisted, holding a place of honor. After the great chief who presided had presented the letters with which he had been charged by his tribe, and which consist of different emblems, according as one wishes to signify peace or war, friendship or hate, emblems which they pass from hand to hand to all who assist at the assembly; after, I say, the letters had been thus passed around, the great chief made known the object of his visit, which was the reunion of the two parties. After he had ceased to speak the orators of each party spoke in turn. Theirs is a savage eloquence, but I do not believe that in the eloquence of our greatest orators in the national assembly at Paris can there be found anything so natural, strong and just. I was astonished. Their language abounds with figures, and is graceful and delicate. It is nature that speaks, it is true, but nature freed from all the trammels to which overwrought civilization often subjects our greatest orators; it is a robust nature that, unfolding itself like the oak of the forest, is full of life and majesty. Those who represent the Indians as a degenerate race are certainly wrong. Generally their judgment is sounder, their mind more masculine, their character more energetic and their passions stronger than the whites'. After the orators had expended their long eloquence, the great chief, the mediator, gave his decision in favor of the new party. The effect of this decision was that they immediately came to blows. The old party dissatisfied with this adverse decision, and, above all, exasperated by the troubles which the other party had stirred up, swore that they would be avenged, and I was fully convinced that a war of extermination was about to break out. On account of a sufficiently close analogy, I shall call the old party the radicals, and the new, the conservatives. The radicals, then, unable of themselves to bring about an engagement that would issue in victory to themselves, called to their assistance a neighboring tribe. They made their preparation for war, and soon the rumor was bruited about that they were already on the march. After a few days we saw the river covered with canoes carrying a hostile army. Consternation had preceded them at Old Town. Many, not only women and children, but even men, had fled at their approach. While they were coming ashore, a deputation from the conservative party hurried to tell me to close the church to these strangers, who had come to lay waste the island. I answered that I closed the door of the church on the excommunicated only, and that the old party and their allies had not as yet been excommunicated. Hardly had they left, when a committee from the radicals entered my room; they came to beg me to go before their friends to the river-bank. I replied, that the priest received his parishioners only at the church. Still, they disembarked peacefully enough.

The first days were spent by the radicals, the far stronger party, in feasting, dancing and debauch. During this time, both parties kept sending me deputation after deputation, to induce me to announce myself in their favor. They atttach sovereign importance to the opinion of the priest, whose authority, notwithstanding their caprice, is always of great weight among them. My answer was always invariably the same: "I am of no party; I am the pricst of one as well as of the other; I have not come here from so great a distance except to save your souls." I knew that should I declare for one party, I would alienate the other forever. Still, the radicals, who were more numerous, were not satisfied with my neutrality. I saw that the moment was at hand when they would say: "He that is not for me is against me." To keep the independence so necessary

to my position, see what I did. I called them all together at the church. After I had explained to them the guilt and the atrocity of the discord which divided them, I asked them if they still wished for war. All answered: "We desire peace." "Then," said I, "you must arrange things amicably." "What concessions?" they asked me. "Throw down your two masts, depose your two chiefs and choose in their place the one who can command a plurality of votes." Both parties replied: "We cannot accept these conditions." I had foreseen this; and thinking only of how to take advantage of their reply to regain the independence of which I had so great need, I spoke to them thus: "Since you do not wish to follow the advice of the priest, and wish only to prolong your hate and your divisions, so let it be; but don't put your foot in my chamber again to consult me about party affairs; for the future I shall content myself with fulfilling in your regard the duties of my ministry; and since you do not wish to listen to me, you shall answer before God for the evils you are about to cause." Having broken off thus abruptly, I left without further ceremony.

From that moment I was left perfectly tranquil. But immediately the radicals began to dictate as masters. They summoned the remnant of the conservative party to a conference. The latter knowing well that in such a conference, the stronger party would have irresistible arguments, stubbornly refused to attend. Then the radicals sent for an American magistrate, whom they had gained over, and through him again summoned the conservatives to be present at the conference. The conservatives sent a refusal, even more decided than the first; then the radicals, pronouncing them contumacious, made the magistrate declare that the new party had forfeited all rights. This was not yet enough, they must pull down the mast of the fallen party. To insure success they determined to intimidate the conservatives. Mysterious reports were bruited abroad. They said that they would put all to fire and the sword; that they would burn all the houses of the conservatives, and cut down all that resisted. When all was consternation, they resolved to strike the last blow; they fixed upon the day when the ill-fated mast was to be cut up. Heretofore, even the most hardened had pretended to respect the priest; but passions were aroused to such a pitch that I saw well that all was lost; some insults that they had offered me, the many menaces that were sent me, and numerous warnings that I received from the Canadians, as well as the Americans, gave me to understand what to expect from the Indians. Not being able to avert the storm, I let it take its course. At last came the fatal day, on which the mast was to fall. The conservatives gave over a useless defence. At the hour appointed, all the radicals assembled in the public square. They marched to the place where the condemned mast was standing. They formed a circle, enclosing it entirely, and then amid the firing of cannon and infernal music the sappers armed with axes, began the work of cutting it up. When at last they saw it fall, a thunder of applause and curses rent the air. They dragged it to the public square; there they heaped upon it all kinds of indignities and curses. A frenzied orator made a wild speech, which I could not follow. Then, amid the booming of cannon, the fall of the new party was publicly and solemnly proclaimed. After this the radicals, ranged in order of battle, marched around the whole island, as if taking possession. A dance ended this glorious day.

I thought that it was all over, when the next morning a deputation made up of the principal chiefs of the victorious party waited upon me. After some moments of silence the speaker of the party began in these terms: "Now that without spilling a drop of blood we have pacified the island, that this peace may be lasting, we come to invite you to bless our mast, the only lawful one, and to pronounce before this mast a discourse by which you, the priest, promise to use all your endeavors to defend it and to oppose with all your might the setting up of a new mast. It is the only means of making the peace firm." Then, as if the whole affair could offer no possible difficulty, they wished to settle the hour for

the carrying out of this ceremony. To accept their proposition was to abandon the conquered and declare for the victors. But I could not in conscience abandon the conservative party that they had just crushed; for the conservatives had called the priest to the island, and almost exclusively supported him. But, on the other hand, it was dangerous to resist a victorious party in the flush of triumph. What was I to do? It was impossible to evade a direct reply, my savages were before me, anxiously waiting. Here is the answer I made: "I do not object to bless your mast, and deliver the discourse which you demand; but such a step requires the authorization of the bishop; if you wish, I shall write to his Lordship and if he allow it, I shall be most eager to comply with your request." These words fell like a thunderbolt; in a flash they saw at once the justice and full import of my words. They stuttered and stammered in bringing forth their objections, but I held firm; and there the affair rested. The following day the government agent gave the visiting Indians an order to leave the island at once; it was executed without delay, and soon calm began to reappear.

When the conservatives had recovered from their fright and had seen the strangers depart, they resolved unanimously to set up again the mast so ignominiously cast down. This was accomplished peacefully enough; for the radicals, no longer supported by their allies, were not in a condition to offer resistance. Still, these two masts were perpetual sources of hate and strife. I did my best to prevail upon the more moderate of the two parties to do away with the two masts — the causes of so much trouble. During my absence, the Indians themselves, tired of such disastrous divisions, decided to cut the two masts and to put up one in their place. On my return I found the two parties reunited and a new mast standing in the place formerly occupied by that of the radicals. But I soon saw that the peace was but a smoothing of the surface, and that the new mast would before long be the occasion of new difficulties. After a conference on this subject with the bishop, we decided to induce the Indians to cut down this new mast, too; his Lordship was to come to Old-Town to give confirmation. I had a large and beautiful cross made. The bishop himself proposed to the Indians to pull down the mast and put in its place the symbol of peace and salvation. On the arms of the cross were written in large characters these words of the Gospel "Rogo ut omnes unum sint." All the Indians welcomed the proposal of his Lordship except four, and they had refused to attend the meeting. They determined upon the moment when, in presence of the bishop, the mast should be cut to pieces. When all was ready and the whole people reunited around the mast, the four refractory Indians ran up and protested with all their energy against the proposed step. The other Indians took no heed of their protestations and began to cut the mast; then these four furious with rage surround the mast, clasp it tightly in their embrace; as the others continue to strike at it with their axes, the four cry out that they shall cut the mast only after having cut their bodies in pieces. Unhappily these four were men of very great influence, and it was evident that their example was working its effect; to prevent an inevitable conflict the bishop ordered the other Indians to retire immediately. The effort was abortive; victory was on the side of revolt. But divine Providence had not lost its rights.

Hardly had the bishop quitted Old Town than the cholera, having made the tour of America, fell upon our island as upon a prey abandoned to its pleasures. Its ravages were terrible: within a few days more than twenty persons were carried off. To escape the plague the Indians, from the very beginning, had fled in all directions; still, many were overtaken by death whilst fleeing. All that remained upon the island, with the exception of three, were successively attacked by the epidemic. During fifteen days our island presented a most horrible sight. I myself counted in one hut as many as fifteen sick persons, heaped one on the other upon a little straw, which, indeed, had become rather filthy litter than straw; in their midst were two dead bodies; I could hear only the death rattle,

and the cries of those whom cramps and the most frightful convulsions were torturing. The infection was such that the passer by on entering, or even approaching, a house began to grow faint. To take care of all these sick people there was a small girl of twelve or thirteen and some relatives who, in their fright, made only momentary visits from time to time. I was fortunate enough to save all the sick, except one woman, from dying without the sacraments. Soon the epidemic spread to the whites; at Bangor, where the ravages of the plague were great, the parish priest, after incredible exertions, was finally attacked and had to take to his bed; so that, for some days, I found myself in sole charge of all the sick within a radius of ten miles. It would be difficult for you, Reverend Father, to form an idea of the sad position of a priest, left thus alone in such circumstances. Day and night, without intermission, he has death before his eyes. Around him he sees but terror and consternation. The one whom he has left in good health in the evening, he sees the next day dead or dying; and knowing that he himself is not immortal, he expects momentarily to be attacked by the plague and to die without priest, without sacrament, without friend, perhaps without any human aid. But, as you see, I escaped. A singular thing occurred at this time. They had offered, in vain, prayers of all kinds to obtain the cessation of this terrible plague. One night, the sister of the cholera's first victim had a dream, in which she saw the cause of the cholera and of all the ravages which it had made; it was the mast which they had not yet cut up. She had hardly related her dream when two Indians went and cut down the mast. At the time there was no protest, but when the cholera had disappeared the four recalcitrants, of whom I spoke above, together with the large following which they had now gained over, came again to make their protestation, and now things have come to such a pass that it has become an affair of state. They are determined to put up another mast on the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence. It will be the occasion of fresh troubles. For, on the one hand, the bishop is determined to use vigorous measures with those who fear not to despise his authority; and, on the other, I do not believe that the haughty self-will of the Indians will draw back through fear of the judgments of God and the threats of the Church.

These radicals speak of the bishop, the priest and even of religion with the utmost contempt. This is not all. Having heard that I wished to establish a Catholic school on the island, solely to cross me, they have sent a messenger to the government to demand a Protestant school; and as the council of Augusta is almost entirely made up of Protestant ministers, it is probable that the Protestant school will be established, and then all is lost for the Indians.

So, Reverend Father, after two years of sacrifice and devoted labor I am about to witness the destruction of this mission, founded amid so many hardships by our ancient fathers and given back to the Society by the Holy See at the instance of the Fathers assembled in council at Baltimore. And I do not hesitate to predict that, if we abandon it, this sad island will soon contain but a few scattered relics of the Catholic religion.

I told you above that I had succeeded in driving out drunkenness from among us by the establishment of a temperance society, but that an unforseen circumstance had spoiled all. This untoward event was the cholera. On the appearance of this scourge, the physician said that strong drinks were a good remedy against the epidemic; so I was obliged to recall the decree that I had made; and, since then, drunkenness has become more prevalent than ever. If, then, I wish to convert the Indians, I must make these habitual drunkards promise once more to give up all intoxicating liquor entirely. I can assure you that this time it will not be easy. Having banished drunkenness, it will be necessary to overcome party spirit, the source of so much hate and bitterness. This is not all, either. During the period of above twenty years that the Indians have been without a priest, they have lost their faith; continually in contact with Protestants, who make use of every occasion to instil into their

minds the poison of their errors, the Indians are too credulous and too ignorant to distinguish the true from the false; finally, without knowing it, they become Protestants, and reject one after another all the positive articles of our faith. I must then instruct them once more, and revive the faith, dying in their hearts. But to work such a miracle, what signifies one man, who is ignorant of English and expresses himself only with great difficulty in their language! Happily I have with me Mr. Force, who, with the exception of the priestly character, which he has not yet received, has all that is necessary for success in this mission. If Rev. Fr. Provincial will leave him with me, I shall not despair of overcoming, with God's aid, all these difficulties, and shall even indulge the hope of seeing religion and virtue flourish once more on the island, and of seeing renewed amongst us the wonders of the Reductions of Paraguay, where the missioner was the father of his people.

The Indians of Old Town are but the smallest part of our mission; our glory and consolation are the stations among the Irish and Canadians, scattered over the whole extent of the state of Maine, with whose care we are charged.

In my next letter I shall speak of these different stations and the missions which I have given there. I shall make you partaker of the well-founded hopes which I have for the future of religion in these northern regions of the Union; I hope that an account of these apostolic excursions will interest you more than the monotonous recital of the wars and miseries of my Indians.

This evening I start for Boston, whither Rev. Fr. Provincial calls me. On my return I shall take up again my unfinished narrative; and I hope to find here the rest of the dissertation that you have so willingly promised to send me. I am so busy, my mind is so preoccupied that I do not know how I have written this letter. I beg you to excuse the many slips which it may contain. I have not even time to re-read it.

Pray for me, Reverend Father, and be assured of the love and religious regard of your ever devoted brother in Jesus Christ,

J. BAPST, S. J.

(*To be continued.*)

MISSIONARY LABORS.

During the Christmas holidays, the missionary band came home to rest for a few days. Some had not been in their own rooms since the previous August. While here, Fr. McCarthy lectured on Education, for the Redemptorists, who are building a large parochial school. The papers speak of it as "Rome's first gun"—"the Catholic school battery unmasked"—"our public institutions threatened," etc. All interested took sides, and many lukewarm Catholics were converted. The president of Harvard College scandalized Puritanism by his desertion to our ranks. Catholics demanded citizens' rights; the legislature appointed committees; their report was our virtual victory. Excellent parochial schools are being built that threaten to make the magnificent structures erected by the state, mere monuments of bad laws. Others of the band "occupied" various pulpits; after which preliminary exercises, we started out on our regular work, three to Little Falls and three to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

During the mission at Poughkeepsie the cold was intense, being one day ten below zero; and it seemed lower still in the basement of the church about 5 A. M. At Vassar College, outside the city, the maiden observers recorded twenty-six below. Poughkeepsie is an old Dutch town. The Vassar family, by diligent brewing of good ale, became wealthy, and lavished their wealth on their native town. Streets, schools, college, hospital, are called Vassar; at every turn there is evidence of the excellency of their ale; and, to this day, the inhabitants testify to the same by frequent recurrence to the liquid itself. The Catholic schools are public schools, taught by salaried Sisters. The parish priest marched about a thousand children to the public school, one day, and demanded place for them. The selectmen were in a dilemma; to accommodate that number they would have to build a new school; but if they built a new school they knew the children would not be sent to it, as they had a fine parochial school, fully equipped; so they were forced to make the Catholic school a public school. We visited Vassar College and were surprised at the numerous modern scientific opportunities, and edified at the *apparent* restraint of curiosity and the silence observed by some. There is a

bridge building here to cross the Hudson; it is wonderful in its seemingly dangerous height and spider-like architecture. It will be one of the longest and highest railroad bridges in the country.

At Little Falls, Frs. McCarthy, McDonald and Byrnes had 2145 confessions; we had 2280 confessions, 41 prepared for confirmation, 22 for first Communion and 4 converts.

At Biddeford, Me., Frs. MacDonald and McDonald had very hard work. Besides about 2000 confessions, there were 100 prepared for confirmation, 51 for first Communion and 14 converts. The class of instruction is always a great worry and strain on the conscience of the teacher. When one has grown up without the sacraments, or, perhaps, any religion at all, there is an awful fog-bank of ignorance and indifference to be gotten out of; the missionary must work hard and the grace of God must be at flood tide. Some of the most doubtful cases are men brought by the girls to whom they are about to be married. Put the girl out of the question and it seems like putting out the light of both faith and reason. "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller part;"—this would be an appropriate introduction for some. Fr. McDonald tells of one notable exception, where a German, only nine months in the country, had been taught in English, by the girl that brought him, all the prayers and catechism perfectly; and when Fr. McDonald says "perfectly," he does not mean "indifferently well."

Fr. Langcake, at South Berwick, Me., had 365 confessions, 35 prepared for first Communion and 7 converts. Fr. McCarthy, at Castle Garden and Governor's Island, had 563 confessions. Frs. Byrnes and Himmel, at Matteawan, N. Y., had 1300 confessions, 12 prepared for first Communion and 1 convert.

On Feb. 19th, we began our Lenten work. Twenty-four men were engaged in these missions, 18 of these were tertians; sufficient to inoculate the whole country with their salutary fever. Imagine the effect when their efforts were confined to the New England and Middle states. To praise their work sufficiently would be to shock their modesty. Suffice it to say, they alone heard 33,728 confessions, which is only a circumstance indicative of the incalculable good done by their prayers and exhortations.

At the Immaculate Conception, N. Y., Frs. McCarthy, Brandi, Dooley and Tynan gave the most important mis-

sion of the Lenten series. It lasted one month; 10,000 confessions were heard.

At Salem, Mass., Frs. MacDonald, Richards, Coleman and Klein bewitched the old town of unsavory memory. Cotton Mather must have turned uneasily in his grave, had he known of this Jesuit invasion of his old stamping ground; 4680 confessions were heard, 107 confirmed and 7 baptized.[1] Throngs of people are often spoken of at missions: here, at the closing exercises, the collectors found it impossible to reach certain parts of the church. Those experienced in parish work, and remembering the zeal of collectors with the eye of the pastor upon them, can appreciate what a crowd this means.

Frs. M. McDonald, Wallace, Chester and Ziegler were at St. Mary's, Providence. There is a mission given here yearly and one might suppose it necessary to seek sinners with the lantern, but the number of confessions, 6690, surpassed any previous record, to the surprise of residents and consolation of the missioners; 183 were confirmed, 11 baptized and 40 left under instruction for 1st Communion.

At St. Mary's, Oswego, N. Y., Frs. Langcake, Scully, Quin and Rapp had 2400 confessions and 157 confirmed. This was the most distant mission of the season. *Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem.*

At New Haven, Conn., Frs. Byrnes, O'Brien and Daly gave a very successful mission; 4200 confessions, 3 baptized and 35 prepared for 1st Communion. Whilst there, they exchanged amenities with the resident Dominicans, great mission-givers also in these parts. They have one advantage in their toga-like habit, the graceful undulations of which, at the simplest gesture, are as impressive for the common people as an oratorical period from the unadorned Jesuit.

At Haverhill, Mass., Frs. Himmel, Quill and Gunn had 3500 confessions; at Hingham, Mass., Frs. McElhinney and Fox had 801 confessions in one week. From here Fr. McElhinney went to Georgetown, Mass., about six miles from Haverhill, whence we heard rumors of great success. A retreat for men was begun by Fr. McCarthy, at Lowell, Mass., and finished by Fr. McElhinney; 2500 confessions were heard. About this time, Fr. McCarthy seems to be ubiquitous; now at Lowell, then, between same dates, in N. Y. (14th St.), again at St. Monica's, N. Y., and before the close of that mission at Newark, N. J. This is not a case of trilocation nor anachronism, but what we technically call

[1] Whenever baptism, confirmation, etc., are mentioned, understand adults.

overlapping; an arrangement by which one man begins a mission and ends it and begins another on the same day; or one begins two or three missions in succession and another ends them in similar succession, assisting each other during the week and separating at the beginnings and endings; a beautiful process, much less complicated in practice than expression, by which a man can work right along for an indefinite period without occasion for rest.

March 11th.—At St. Monica's N. Y., Frs. McCarthy, Byrnes, Brandi, Daly, Tynan, Richards, and O'Brien heard 8000 confessions. The figure is flattering to the missionaries, considering the proximity of our church, St. Lawrence, where Fr. McTammany was attracting great crowds, at the same time, by his eloquent Lenten conferences.

At Spencer, Mass., Frs. Langcake, Coleman and Quin heard 1400 confessions and prepared 6 for 1st Communion. Spencer is renowned for giving the Society a novice-master.

At Cambridge, Mass., St. Paul's Church, Frs. R. MacDonald and Klein had 3089 confessions, 174 for confirmation, 110 for 1st Communion and 3 converts; and this in the very shadow of the walls of Harvard College, and in a church originally Unitarian, possibly the very one Holmes sang of fifty years ago, as

> *Our* ancient church! its lowly tower,
> Beneath the loftier spire, ...
> . . . . . .
> Like sentinel and nun . . . . . .

Then Catholicism was a speculation for Harvard students, now a Jesuit missionary waxes eloquent before a Catholic congregation, within a stone's throw of the centre of Unitarianism. A few years ago, a Holy Cross College boy led the Harvard law school, *facile princeps*.

At St. Mary's, Grand St., N. Y., Frs. M. McDonald and Wallace did the hardest work of the season. It was called an annual retreat, but in reality was a regular mission, conducted by two men where there should have been four. They had 4900 confessions.

At Baltimore, St. Joseph's Church, Frs. Himmel, Fox and Ziegler had 2080 confessions, 9 for confirmation and 2 baptized. On the feast of St. Joseph, the Cardinal administered confirmation and was present with about twenty-five of the clergy at solemn High Mass. Fr. Fox preached a learned and eloquent panegyric.

At the Cathedral, Albany, Frs. Byrnes and Scully gave a week's retreat for men: they had 1100 confessions, and acted as deacons of honor on Palm Sunday. At our church,

Providence, Frs. Langcake and Tynan gave a retreat during Holy Week; they had 2100 confessions.

At the church of St. Catherine of Genoa, 155th St., N. Y., Frs. Quill and Chester had 1600 confessions, prepared 19 for confirmation, made 1 convert. Shortly after the mission (*post hoc*) the parish priest was offered $60,000 to build a new church.

During Holy Week, Frs. R. MacDonald and M. McDonald were at Arlington, Mass. Though two had given a mission there the same time last year, the confessions were comparatively more numerous. They had 1602 in one week; last year, 1660 in two weeks.

At St. Columba's, Newark, N. J., Frs. McCarthy, Tynan, Quill and Dooley gave a two weeks' mission the latter part of Lent. The pastor, by actual count, numbered 1200 souls in his parish, at the mission 1700 confessions were heard.

Fr. Gunn gave a retreat for men in Holy Name parish, New York, and had 700 confessions.

Frs. McElhinney and Daly gave a renewal of the mission of Lent '87 in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. Fr. Morgan, an ex-missionary, expressed himself more than satisfied with the result.—High praise coming from such authority!

Fr. Brandi gave a triduum to the convent girls at Manhattanville. Those with him say it was with regret they saw him detailed to cater to the spiritual appetite of the innocent when his help was so valuable in the harvest of ripe old sinners.

Fr. Quin's Holy Week labor at Dobb's Ferry deserves special mention, his sermons on Good Friday and Easter Sunday roused the neighborhood.

Up to date we have given more missions this year than any previous year in the history of the province, and our time is already well filled up in advance for next year.

H.

MISSION FOR THE ITALIANS IN NEW YORK.

In the parish of the Transfiguration, New York City, there are, according to the pastor, Rev. Thomas F. Lynch, at least 4000 resident Italians, not counting the many who live in the neighborhood, and the floating population of immigrants, whose number is steadily on the increase. Fr. Lynch has two Italian priests exclusively occupied with the Italians. On Sundays the basement of the church is given up to the Italian Catholics; four Masses are said for them; Vespers are held, etc. Though there are in the city two Italian churches, still it seems that neither is frequented by as many

Italians as the church of the Transfiguration. This fact suggested the idea of giving a second Italian mission in this church, the first having been given two years ago by some Passionist Fathers.

Our mission was very successful indeed, and proved how inexact was the account given in the April number of a well known Catholic magazine, of the religious dispositions of most of the Italians in New York. The mission lasted only one week—Easter week— too short a time for the needs of the people; nevertheless, more than 2500 confessions of Italians were heard. We cannot give the exact number, since the two Italian priests attached to the church helped our fathers in hearing them.

All the usual exercises of the mission were given, and at all of them the church was filled with people, particularly in the evening. It was very consoling to witness the eagerness with which the people, from the very first day, approached the sacraments. Many also were the returns to God. The success, indeed, was so marked that the zealous pastor, who is really interested in the spiritual welfare of the Italians, has resolved to have a similar, or longer, mission given to his Italians every year. FF. Cardella, Degni and Massi gave the mission.

The Archbishop is very solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the Italians, who have been heretofore rather neglected. Good missionary priests will not be wanting, since the bishop of Piacenza has offered to furnish them.

A report has reached us that another Italian mission is to be given by Ours next July in the church of the Immaculate Conception, New York City. C.

MISSION AT URBANA, FREDERICK CO., MD.

A short mission of four days was given by Frs. Brandi and Dooley at Urbana, Frederick Co., Md. The exercises began on Wednesday evening, May 23rd. As most of the congregation lived far away from the church, it was useless to expect attendance at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., and consequently the exercises usual at these hours were omitted. The evening exercises usually lasted two hours, from 7 to 9, consisting of instruction, beads, sermon, and Benediction. In the morning, Mass began at 5.30, followed by an instruction on the commandments. Considering the rainy weather, the condition of the county roads, almost impassable with mud, and the distances which most had to travel, the congregation assembled in larger numbers than could have been

expected. The church was crowded every evening, and all listened with the closest attention.

The mission was closed on Sunday afternoon by Father Rector, who, arriving unexpectedly, was induced to give the papal blessing. We were informed that the entire adult population of the parish, one man excepted, had approached the sacraments. There were four or five who had not been to church or sacraments for many years. To perpetuate the good done, steps have been taken to put the Apostleship of Prayer in a good working condition. May the Sacred Heart grant that the last and least of the tertians' labors may result in the confirmation of the faith amongst the Catholics, and its spread amongst those who are as yet without the fold.

B.

FR. SACHÉ'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Fr. Louis Saché is very dear to the hearts of many members of this province, for he was novice-master in the old mission of New York and Canada from 1853 to 1862, and again from 1866 to 1871. On Trinity Sunday this venerable father celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, *les noces d'or*, at Quebec, in the residence of our fathers, founded by him in 1849. At seven o'clock he said a Low Mass in the sodality chapel. At the gospel he turned around and said a few touching words to the faithful assembled, begging them to join their intentions to his, during the holy sacrifice, first, to thank God for the great grace that had been vouchsafed him in being called to the priesthood; secondly, to beg pardon of God for the faults he had committed in the exercise of the sacred ministry; and thirdly, to obtain the grace of making a better use of the few days of life that might yet remain to him. After Mass, he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, renewed his priestly promises, and then intoned the *Te Deum*. In the meantime the members of the sodality of our Lady had taken up positions around the sanctuary, and Mr. Lemay, Librarian of the legislature, read, in the name of the sodalists, whose director Fr. Saché had been for many years, a magnificent address. Fr. Saché attempted to answer, but was so overcome by emotion that he was barely able to utter the words: "Pray for me."

During the day, the superior, Fr. Désy, received a tele-

gram from Rome couched in the following terms: *Summus Pontifex jubilans Patri Saché jubilanti benedicit.*—CARDINALIS MAZZELLA. Fr. Saché also received affectionate letters of congratulation from a great many of his old novices, among them Rev. Fr. Campbell, our Provincial.

The Cardinal Archbishop, the rector of Laval University, the parish priests of the city and other distinguished ecclesiastics honored Fr. Saché by dining with him and the other fathers at our residence.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the officers of the sodality of St. Roch, whose director Fr. Saché had been at two different times, also presented him a beautiful address. The two sodalities, as well as various religious communities and many citizens, offered him numerous and rich gifts in memory of his jubilee day.

At five o'clock in the evening the religious celebration was concluded with solemn Benediction. The choirs of the two sodalities joined together to furnish the music. Fr. Th. Caisse preached an excellent sermon on "The Church, our Mother"; how we ought to love her, and, in token of our love, surrender to her our minds, our hearts, our tongues, our arms, our all. Fr. Saché, assisted by FF. Charaux and Turgeon, gave Benediction, at which many members of the secular clergy were present, also a goodly number of distinguished laymen, among them Mr. Mercier, the Prime Minister, and two other members of the cabinet.

That our Lord may grant the saintly father the grace of offering up the holy sacrifice still many years, is the earnest prayer of all his old novices.

Catalogus Sociorum
Missionis
AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ
SOCIETATIS JESU
Ineunte Anno 1809.

R. P.

CAROLUS NEALE
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS
A Die 9 Dec., 1808.

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

P. Franciscus Neale, *V. Rector, Mag. nov., Proc. Miss., Rect. eccles. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*
P. Enoch Fenwick, *Oper., Conf. et conc. in T., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*
P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*
P. Petrus Epinette, *Soc. mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

Carolus Bowling
Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*
Jacobus Redmond } *Nov. a die 10 Oct. 1807*
Michael Magan
Doc. catech. in T.

COADJUTORES

Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*
Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad omn.*

NOVITII COADJUTORES

Gualterus Barron, *a die 10 Oct. 1807*
Laurentius Lynch " " "
Josephus Marshall " *6 Dec.* "
Petrus Kiernan " *7 Jul. 1808*
Christophorus O'Hare, *a die 11 Jul. 1808*
Christianus Simmering " *20 Dec.* "

IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI
et Collegium Inchoatum

New York Literary Institution

P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen. diœces., Rect. eccles., Conf. et conc. in T.*
P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Adj. rect. eccles., Oper., Conf. et conc. in T.*

MAGISTRI

Jacobus Ord
Michael White
Jacobus Redmond
Jacobus Wallace
} *Nov. a die 10 Oct. 1807*
Doc. catech. in T.

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli.*
P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper.—Nov.*
Josephus Mobberly, *Nov. coadj., Empt., Ad omn.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWPORT

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr.*

IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Rect. eccl., Oper.*

RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Rect. eccl., Oper., Excurr.—Nov.*

Residentiæ Conewaginensis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiæ, in Statu Pennsylvaniæ; et Bohemiensis, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

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P. Spink, Jacobus, ——*1808, Resid. S. Ignatii*
R. P. Molyneux, Robertus, *9 Dec. 1808, Coll. Georgiop.*

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COADJUTOR			
Barron *Gualterus*	14 Aug. 1769	10 Oct. 1807	
E F			
SACERDOTES			
P. Epinette *Petrus*.....	24 Sep. 1760	2 Jun. 1805	
P. Edelen *Leonardus*.....	20 Oct. 1783	10 Oct. 1806	
P. Fenwick *Benedictus*	3 Sep. 1782	10 Oct. 1806	
P. Fenwick *Enoch*.....	15 Mai. 1780	10 Oct. 1806	
H K L M			
SACERDOTES			
P. Henry *Joannes*..	15 Sep. 1765	18 Jul. 1804	
P. Kohlmann *Antonius*	16 Mai. 1771	12 Jul. 1805	
P. Malevé *Franciscus*.....	1 Dec. 1770	1 Sep. 1804	
SCHOLASTICI			
Magan *Michael*.....	2 Nov. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
Marshall *Adamus*	18 Nov. 1785	10 Oct. 1807	
COADJUTORES			
Kiernan *Petrus*	12 Jan. 1767	7 Jul. 1808	
Lynch *Laurentius*.....	7 Jan. 1783	10 Oct. 1807	
McElroy *Joannes*.....	14 Mai. 1782	10 Oct. 1806	
McLaughlin *Patritius*.....	17 Mar. 1768	10 Oct. 1806	
Marshall *Josephus*.....	10 Mai. 1788	6 Dec. 1807	
Mobberly *Josephus*	12 Jan. 1779	10 Oct. 1807	

COGNOMEN ET NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
N			
SACERDOTES			
R. P. NEALE CAROLUS	10 Oct. 1751	7 Sep. 1771	13 Nov. 1806
P. Neale *Franciscus*	2 Jan. 1756	10 Oct. 1806	
O Q R S			
SCHOLASTICI			
Ord *Jacobus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Queen *Gulielmus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Redmond *Jacobus*	2 Nov. 1776	10 Oct. 1807	
COADJUTORES			
O'Hare *Christophorus*	12 Jan. 1779	17 Jul. 1808	
Simmering *Christianus*	12 Jan. 1780	20 Dec. 1808	
W			
SACERDOS			
P. Wouters *Carolus*	8 Apr. 1771	10 Oct. 1807	
SCHOLASTICI			
Wallace *Jacobus*	11 Mar. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
White *Michael*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	

OBITUARY.

Fr. Ignatius Bellwalder.

Fr. Ignatius Bellwalder was born at Oberwald, Canton Wallis, Switzerland, Feb. 24th, 1814. He made his studies at the college of our fathers at Brigg, in the same canton, where also he entered the Society, Oct. 10th, 1833. In the Society he made his studies at Fribourg and at Brigg, and was for a time professor in Schwyz. He was ordained priest at Fribourg April 10th, 1846, made his tertianship at La Lucerne, France, and then was engaged in the ministry at Brigg.

Upon the expulsion of our fathers from Switzerland he went to Oleggio, Italy, thence to Verona, where he remained for a few months. From Verona he went to Neustift and Gengenbach, Baden, where he worked three years in a parish. He was next sent to Paderborn, Westphalia, where he was minister in the college. During the Franco-German war he was stationed in our residence at Mainz. At the time of his leaving for America he was Superior of the beautiful shrine "Kreuzberg" near Bonn. He arrived at Boston, *via* New York, Aug. 27th, 1867, together with Fr. (now Cardinal) Mazzella and Fr. Nopper, and remained at Boston six months, when he was sent to Conewago, where he remained two years and six months. From Conewago he was called to the German Mission, Buffalo, where he remained eight years, part of the time Superior at St. Ann's. He returned to Boston in Oct., 1878. In 1883, his mind having become impaired, he was obliged to leave Boston; whither, on his recovery, he returned in 1885. Early this year he was again attacked by his old sickness, and was, in consequence, transferred to Mount Hope Retreat, near Baltimore, for treatment. There he died, a few weeks after arrival, on Feb. 22nd, and was buried at Woodstock.

Fr. Bellwalder was a very active, zealous and self-sacrificing priest and a man of great kindliness of heart.—R. I. P.

Brother Conrad Meyer.

Bro. Meyer was born at Hörschoff, diocese of Paderborn, Westphalia, Sept. 14th 1820, and entered the Society at Sault-au-Récollet, Dec. 16th 1861, some years after coming from Germany. After finishing his noviceship, he spent seven years in the residence of St. Michael's, Buffalo, and when that house was transferred to the German Province, he came for about one year to St. Lawrence's, N. Y. The years between 1871 and 1873 he lived with Ours of the Indian missions at Sault Ste Marie, Algoma Co., Michigan. After making his last vows in Fordham, in 1873, he was appointed sacristan of St. Peter's, Jersey City, whence, in 1877, he was sent to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., as wardrobe-keeper and infirmarian. In that house he died a most edifying death on the night of March 3rd, of this year, surrounded by the fathers, who had learned to revere the hidden virtues of his life.

Bro. Meyer was a man of singular gentleness and modesty, ever willing to oblige, and indefatigable in his work. One had to be under his care when ill, to learn all the beautiful sweetness of his character. Gentleness, fidelity and charity seemed to be virtues which he practised in a very high degree. For some years before his death he was afflicted from time to time by slight attacks of pneumonia; but nothing could make him

relinquish his duties of infirmarian. His last illness began towards the close of February. He received the last sacraments on the feast of St. Matthias, but lingered a week after, edifying all by his humility and resignation. To requests for prayers he would say that his prayers were not worth much; and, as if to show his perfect assent to God's holy will, he kept constantly repeating "Yes, Yes," in affirmation of the offering of his life to the Master whom he had so well served. Just before his death many of the fathers, who were leaving the confessionals for the night, surrounded his bedside and imparted a final absolution. He died quietly as he had lived, unknown to the world outside, and too modest to let even his brethren perceive all the secrets of his virtue. *Ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputari*, was true of him; and with good reason could Fr. Rector, at the close of the men's mission the day after, allude to his death as precious in the eyes of God: "He has lived," he said, "twelve years in the college, unknown to you, perhaps his name never heard of by you; but his life was hidden with God. His meek, gentle nature made him loved by his brethren, who saw in him the example of one living in the service of God, unknown to the world, but filling his life with treasures of merit for eternity."—R. I. P.

Father Joseph Isolabella.

Fr. Isolabella was born March 28th, 1838. He entered the Society in his twentieth year, and, being destined for the mission of California, was sent by his superiors to make his noviceship in this country. He accordingly came to Frederick, to the novitiate of the Maryland Province, and there took his first vows, Sept. 28th, 1859. Having completed the course of rhetoric, he took up philosophy at Boston and afterwards at Georgetown. He then went to California where for five years he was engaged in teaching at Santa Clara. Returning to the East in 1869, he studied his theology at Woodstock. On his return to California he resumed the office of teacher in Santa Clara until, in 1878, a severe illness brought him to death's door. Having recovered, he was appointed, in 1878, Minister of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, which office he held till, in 1886, he was transferred to Santa Clara in the same capacity. On Palm Sunday last he took a cold, which in a short time developed into rheumatic fever. On Low Sunday he breathed his last, in the fifty-first year of his age, and the thirty-first of his life in the Society. An able administrator and a good religious man, he was esteemed by his superiors and beloved by all, who not only mourn their own private loss, but also the blow which his sudden death has inflicted upon the mission.—R. I. P.

Father John E. Holzer.

Fr. John E. Holzer was born on the 29th of December, 1817, in the village of Mutters, about three miles from the city of Innsbruck, the capital of Tirol. The village is the centre of a parish embracing two or three other villages under the control of the Premonstratensian monks and affiliated to the great monastery of Wilten. Wilten is now a suburb of Innsbruck, but was a Roman Station in the days of Julius Cæsar, and, for many generations later, the principal seat of Catholicity in Northern Tirol, from which Innsbruck itself depended in spirituals as well as temporals. It is needless to say that the young boy was brought up in Catholic faith and piety, for there are no more devoted children of the Church than these simple, stalwart Tirolese; and this was particularly true of that period, when as yet modern ideas had made no inroad into his part of the Tirol. From all accounts, his mother was a woman of singular piety. His father was what was considered well off in the little village community; at least, he was able to defray the no slight expenses necessary for his childrens' education. Fr. Holzer received his first in-

struction in the village school, and when fourteen or fifteen years of age was sent to the *gymnasium* in Innsbruck. The Society of Jesus had not returned to Innsbruck at this time and the school was under the charge of the Premonstratensian and secular priests. Indeed the Society had no house in Innsbruck nor in the Tirol for several years after Fr. Holzer's entrance into it. While attending the classes of the *gymnasium*, he boarded in the city. He was not merely a good scholar, but by them who still remember his youthful days in Innsbruck, he is described as having been a distinguished pupil, the first in the classes amongst all those who attended the college; and this reputation he maintained afterwards in the Society. His acquaintance with the Latin and Greek Fathers remained apparently unimpaired until almost the last days of his life. Father Conway, whose words we are now citing, recently made a long and wearisome journey to Mutters to secure further information on the early life of Father Holzer, but found his only living relative to be a niece, who knew little or nothing about her uncle.

Father Holzer entered the Society on August 10th, 1835, and made his noviceship in Gratz, at that time the novitiate of the Austrian-Hungarian Province. He had as co-novices several young men who were destined to become famous in the history of the Society, and even of the whole Church, as Card. Franzelin, Fr. Tuzer, Fr. Patiss, etc. Fr. Holzer had one brother and one sister; the brother was a Franciscan, and for a time a missionary in America. He was a preacher of some fame in Innsbruck, where he died fourteen years ago ; the sister was a nun who also died some years ago in Salzburg. A curious story is related by his brother Aloysius—in religion Francis de Hieronymo—which is worthy of being mentioned here. He was much younger than his brother and like him received his education in Innsbruck after Ours had taken charge of the *gymnasium*. While a student there, his mother had exacted a promise from him, on her death-bed, that he would never pass a certain church in the city, containing a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, without entering to say a few prayers before the sacred shrine. For some time he was careful in keeping his promise, but afterwards became remiss and neglected it. One day as he was passing the church, with no idea of entering it, he saw his mother, who had been dead some months, standing on the steps of the church, her face angry and one hand raised threateningly towards him, while with the other she pointed towards the church door. This apparition made such a powerful impression on him that he immediately applied for admission into the order of St. Francis. He was a very zealous priest and often told the story of his vocation, remarking jokingly that he had been forced against his will to become a Franciscan.

After one year of rhetoric in the novitiate, Fr. Holzer went to Linz for his philosophy, in which place Fr. Weninger was at that time professor of ethics. He was obliged to interrupt his philosophy to go to Innsbruck as prefect in the new Theresian College of Nobles which had just been given to the Society. He completed his course of philosophy at the university, remaining for two years afterwards at Innsbruck, first as teacher of poetry and then as professor of rhetoric. Here he perfected himself in the classics and was accustomed to write Latin and Greek letters with equal elegance and facility. In the following year, while still a scholastic, he was sent to the novitiate as professor of the juniors; and the catalogue states that he was, at the same time, subminister and superior of the rhetoricians—rather unusual offices for a young scholastic to hold. At the end of the year, he returned for theology to Innsbruck, where Fr. Weninger was professor of scripture and Fr. Yenni a student of theology. Even during this period, he had to teach and act as prefect while studying. He remained here until the troubles broke out in '48, during his fourth year of study, and with so many others he was compelled to flee to America. Meanwhile, writes Fr. Fleck from Guelph, Bishop Power of Toronto had applied for German fathers and obtained

Fathers Caveng and Fritsch with Br. Joset of the Swiss Province. They arrived at St. Agatha, also called Wilmot, in Upper Canada, on the 3rd of July, 1847, and took charge of that parish and the environs. The following year (1848), Fr. Holzer was sent to help them. He resided, however, in New Germany with the title of Superior of both houses. He labored very zealously and is not yet forgotten by the good people of that place. When Bp. Charbonnel, who succeeded Bp. Power, saw the great relative importance of Guelph, he asked our superiors to transfer the fathers to that place, which was done on Jan. 28th, 1852.

The German Catholic population of Guelph was at that time considerable, but Fr. Holzer soon learned enough English to provide for the Irish also, who formed the main portion of his flock. He never became an accomplished English preacher, it is true, but his excellent doctrine and holy earnestness made his people consider him truly eloquent. The work he performed in Guelph was wonderful. The congregation had been sadly neglected, most of the adults knowing little about the reception of the sacraments, whilst few of those under eighteen years of age had received their first Communion; moreover, the former pastor had for just causes been suspended, but did not wish to leave the place. Fr. Holzer managed, nevertheless, to restore perfect order in things both spiritual and temporal.

When he came to Guelph, there was on Catholic Hill, as it is called, an unplastered church and a small wretched house for the priest, but no Catholic school. His first work was the restoration of faith and piety. This he began by building a stone convent which he confided to the Sisters of Loretto. It was a parochial and boarding-school, and soon became famous, even amongst the Protestants, furnishing an incredible number of subjects to all the religious communities of the diocese of Hamilton, to which Guelph had been allotted when, in 1856, the diocese of Toronto was divided into three. Fr. Holzer next erected a boys' school, which he furnished with excellent lay teachers, and thus withdrew all the Catholic children from the public schools. Later on he even procured a charter and began St. Ignatius' College, which however had to be discontinued, owing to the lack of students; but the stone building itself, which is still used as a residence, is grand and solid. Then he built a hospital, which he entrusted to the nuns of St. Joseph, this in turn being followed by an orphan asylum and a home for old people. This last establishment has done much good, and is at present very prosperous.

These extraordinary achievements, to use the words of Father Archambault, who was his assistant there during his last year, certainly earned for him the title of the Canisius of Upper Canada, and always went hand in hand with equally heroic work in attending to the spiritual wants of his congregation. His parish embraced twelve outlying missions, for the care of which he often had but a single priest to help him. His frequent excursions occupied him day and night, and covered distances of forty, sixty, and even a hundred miles, and this over the worst of roads and through woods and swamps. He considered a walk of twenty miles each way but a trifle. Even in his last years, one of ten miles was no unusual occurrence. Many a surprising and edifying anecdote might be told of these apostolic journeys, if space allowed us. Once, for example, after riding a long distance, he was on his way home, when he was suddenly taken sick, but for some weighty reason he determined to push on without stopping. He fought long and hard against his sickness, until at last coming to a house and finding it impossible to go further, he dismounted and asked for assistance. As soon as he entered he found a poor man dying. The man eagerly asked him whether he was a Catholic priest, and on Fr. Holzer saying that he was, "Thank God!" the sufferer exclaimed, "I have prayed for this happiness; I have not seen a priest for years, and was afraid that I should die without one." Fr. Holzer then heard his confession, anointed him, and otherwise prepared him for death, which was not far off. Another idea of some of his journeyings may be gathered from recalling how, on a similar occasion, being com-

pelled to seek refuge over night in a woodland hut, and being shown to the only spare room, the attic, he awoke in the morning to find himself buried beneath two feet of snow which had drifted in upon him through the rotten and gaping roof.

His chief care in the ministry was, perhaps, that of teaching the catechism. To this work especially he devoted his whole soul, and even at this early date, he began to prepare the little "Catechist," a book which engaged his attention in the latter part of his life, and to which he had just put the finishing touches shortly before his death.

But Fr. Holzer's great success excited the hatred of the Orangemen. Guelph was a very hotbed of them, and they had already burned to the ground the former humble Catholic church, though this was before the coming of our fathers. The sight of the new buildings exasperated them, and they repeatedly sent Fr. Holzer threatening letters, even resolving upon his death. Finally, in 1857, they had fully determined to burn, or destroy in some way, church, convent and priest's residence on the coming 12th of July. The danger was by no means imaginary, and the excitement was something tremendous. With great effrontery, they gave public notice of their plans; but nothing could daunt the courage of Fr. Holzer. He, too, as Fr. Petitdemange, who was with him at Guelph in 1864, tells us, gave a notice, which was a stirring appeal to the Catholics of Guelph and the neighboring country, to come and fight, if need be, for their church. They came, several hundred strong, and were in the church early on the 12th, ready to give the Orangemen a warm reception. Those worthies duly arrived as they had sworn, but they were told it would hardly be safe for them to venture too near the Hill—the Catholics were well armed and even had a cannon in the belfry. They accordingly decided to postpone their attack indefinitely and dispersed, venting their ferocity in curses and blasphemies. It may be added that, since that day, every 12th of July has passed very quietly in Guelph.

Fr. Holzer, in the account of the affair which he wrote to Rev. Fr. Hus, mentions that one of these fiends, who had boasted that he intended to feast that day in our church and would carry home the head of the priest as a trophy, was killed a few days later by a tree that fell on him. Another, the grand-master of a neighboring county, who had sworn that he would sleep in the convent after driving out the nuns, soon afterwards met a sudden and horrible death, brought on by excessive drinking.

A few months later, Fr. Holzer fought another fight, one less famous, yet not unimportant. His superiors did not see clearly what prospect there was for the future in Guelph, and had thought once or twice of relinquishing the mission. Fr. Holzer at once grew eloquent in its defence. In a letter to Fr. Hus (Jan. 10th, 1859) he says: "Every one of our fathers greatly regrets leaving this mission, which is one of the best in America. . . . . But the main thing and the chief attraction for members of the Society is the recollection *that Upper Canada has been the glorious field of so many confessors and martyrs of the Society.* Canada should ever be for the Society a most cherished and holy ground." And again in a letter dated Feb. 21st, 1859, he says: "Concerning the Upper Canada missions of the old and present Society I can say this much, that there is a peculiar grace attached to them and to the missionaries who, out of love for these poor people, underwent so many hardships and sufferings and persecutions. . . . . When, in 1649, the chiefs of such remnants of the Hurons as had escaped the massacre of their nation, resolved to emigrate to the lower St. Lawrence and settle under the walls of Quebec, the fathers consented, loath as they were to leave a land endeared to them by the sweat and blood of their martyred brethren. . . . . The missionaries were dispersed; Fr. Bressani went to Italy, FF. Lemercier and Poucet to the West Indies, Fr. Grelon to China; but *distance did not wean their hearts from their long cherished affection for the mission of their early years.* Nay, when we were speaking of a certain father who had spent but one year in Canada, you yourself told me *that he had left his heart in Guelph;* and the letters I receive from fathers now in Europe, but formerly in

Canada, breathe a special love and fondness for the Canadian mission. Hence you may understand that it is no small sacrifice for us to abandon these poor people to their fate." The heart of Fr. Hus was touched by this pleading, and the fathers remained.

After accomplishing such great ends with most limited resources, Fr. Holzer began to build a large and magnificent church. This was during the summer of 1863. The parishioners opposed the project, which they considered far beyond their means; but, nevertheless, the foundations were laid; progress, however, was impossible. Fr. Holzer's one defect was too much zeal, hence, though he performed wonders and created works that cost him $50,000, he had contracted a debt of $20,000, and found himself unable to cope with it. Being, moreover, a foreigner, he did not, perhaps, understand sufficiently all the minor details of his parish, or rather he was in a measure too far ahead of his people. Yet his intentions were always the holiest, and when once he had conceived an idea, nothing but an utter impossibility could have stopped him. Fr. Archambault calls him a true German.

Labor and anxiety now began to tell upon him, but he did not abate his efforts. During the autumn of 1863, however, his health began to fail visibly. On the last night of that year, he travelled a considerable distance to visit a sick parishioner, and returned after midnight benumbed with cold. He retired to bed, but could not warm himself. The next morning, Jan. 1st, 1864, just as he had descended the stairs to give Communion to the brothers, he fell to the floor unconscious. It was a severe stroke of paralysis in his right side, a visitation of Providence to which nearly all his subsequent sufferings were due and from which he never entirely recovered. Fr. Holzer was hereupon relieved of his duties as pastor, which he had fulfilled without interruption for fourteen years, and a few days later he was removed to the Hôtel-Dieu in Montreal, where he remained several months. During all the years he had spent at Guelph, he had been a model priest, and even to the present day people there speak of his gigantic labors, his great endurance, and his unconquerable energy. Bishops and priests admired him equally well, and always spoke of him in the highest terms. To Ours as well he was a constant source of edification; his wonderful modesty, amongst other virtues, even in times of delirium, showing how habitual the practice of his rules had become.

From Montreal, Fr Holzer proceeded to Fordham where he was minister, prefect of health, librarian and consultor of the house, besides hearing confessions in the church and explaining the catechism and the points of meditation to the brothers. He also worked on his still unpublished translation of Avancinus; every meditation was to be supplemented by an appropriate passage from the *Following of Christ*. In later days at Manresa, he was engaged revising the work and preparing it for the press, but his health was then too much shattered to admit of its completion. His health improved at Fordham and, after two years' absence, he again returned to his Canadian missions, where he remained two years more as *operarius*. As the debt in Guelph was still very considerable, there was not yet any question of building, and besides Fr. Holzer no longer had the administration of affairs. Several years later, the fathers decided to abandon the original plan and build a much less imposing church.

With these years, the life-work of Fr. Holzer may be said to have been accomplished. In 1865, he was back again at Fordham, only, however, to go to Chatham the following year; and again, in 1867, to return to Fordham. He lived in New York for the five following years, chiefly at Fordham as *operarius* in the parish, some two years being also spent at St. Lawrence's in Yorkville. After this he was once more in Canada for two years, at Chatham and his beloved Guelph successively, until, in 1875, he left Guelph, never to return. He was now stationed for about seven years in St. Francis Xavier's, in New York, doing whatever little work his constantly failing health would allow him; and in 1882 he took up his abode in St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City. Here he was kindly

cared for by the good nuns, while the filial devotion of his altar-boy to the venerable invalid was rewarded by a vocation to the Society.

It was from Jersey City that Fr. Holzer used to make his famous excursions to Manresa, where Fr. Gleason, who, as a novice, had attended him in his first illness, enjoyed the privilege of caring for him again as novice-master. Poor Fr. Holzer had been a paralytic during the twenty years that had passed meantime. His famous picnics, with a novice or two, in the woods along the secluded borders of the Black Creek, his baths in the Hudson even as late as October, his shovelling of snow in winter, but, above all, his superintendence of the novices' work at the Grotto of Lourdes, where by their labors he converted the tiny stream into a miniature lake and adorned its banks with beds of flowers, have made his memory a peculiarly happy one to those who met him there. The recreation and employment he thus found were the only natural means, he often declared, which sustained his ebbing life. When bad weather or bodily fatigue compelled him to remain indoors, he generally spent the time in revising his contemplated compendium of Scaramelli, his translation of Avancinus and his original work "The Catechist," besides long hours he gave to the perusal of St. Chrysostom's "Preparation for Death."

Not long after the closing of Manresa, Fr. Holzer was sent to Georgetown College. Here, as we are informed by a recent letter, he was always the same patient and gentle sufferer, in spite of his helpless condition; and, though he must have been very lonesome, no one ever saw him sad. When he was able to be out of doors, he spent his time in the graveyard, trimming the hedge and raking the paths, with an old servant to help him. The boys always paid him the greatest respect. The story of his doings at Guelph had got among them, and they were ready to look upon him in consequence as quite a hero. He used to read the religious newspapers a good deal, and keep an old copy of Card. Bellarmine's *De Septem Verbis* by him reading it almost constantly. On feast days, the scholastics used to dress him in a clean habit (for no amount of attention could keep his ordinary habit presentable), shave him with more than usual care, and bring him over to the fathers' parlor, so as to be with the community in recreation. This seemed to make him very happy. His health, however, soon grew alarmingly worse. His speech became more and more difficult, and at times he was obliged to recur to a slate, where, with some trouble, he would manage to write a scrawling sentence or two.

He seemed to have some presentiment of his coming end. About April 17th he fell sick, and insisted on taking to his bed, after which he sent for Fr. Minister, and said that he was going to die. "I feel it there," he said, touching his chest. In his *Ordo* there was a slip of paper marking the date April 20th, the day on which symptoms of erysipelas first appeared. In the same place there was another slip with the following sentences written under the title "Death": "There is nothing so uncertain as when death will come. How many there are who, to all appearances, might promise themselves a long life, when they are suddenly called away by the hand of death, to appear before God's tribunal to answer for all the deeds of their whole life. O my God! give me the grace that I may never offend thee in the future. I am weak, it is true, but I can be strong in thee, my Lord and my God. Mercy, my God, mercy." The house diary of Georgetown records that at nine o'clock on April 23rd, a sudden change for the worse set in, and Fr. Tarr was called to give the last absolution; and then, on the feast of St. Fidelis, the patron of Tirol, Fr. Holzer's native country, and while his religious brethren were reading the litanies of the Saints, Fr. Holzer gave up his soul to God. *May he rest in peace.*

Father Vincent Reitmayr.

Fr. Vincent Reitmayr was born at Augsburg, Bavaria, on the 10th of July, 1851, and received his classical education in the Benedictine school of his native city. At an early age he felt himself drawn to the service of the altar. Faithful to the call from on high, and burning with zeal for souls, he resolved to devote his life to the service of God, amid the trials and hardships of the apostolic life. Accordingly, on the completion of his collegiate course, he sailed for America, and entered St. John's College, Minnesota, to pursue the studies which were to prepare him for the priesthood. To complete his theological course, he afterwards repaired to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was a model of fervor and regularity. In 1874, he received holy orders at the hands of Bishop Machebœuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and spent some years in attending to the spiritual wants of various missionary stations in Colorado. From this field of sacrifice and toil, he was transferred to the diocese of Grass Valley (now Sacramento); and Virginia City, Nevada, was for a considerable time the chief scene of his labors. Wherever he went, he gained the goodwill and esteem of all, Protestants as well as Catholics; and many are the sweet remembrances of virtue and of priestly devotion which his name even yet calls up among the rough pioneers, to whom he ministered the consolations of religion in the mining districts of the Silver State. Everywhere he showed himself a saintly priest and zealous missionary, so that he might well say in the words of the Apostle: "Our glory is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom, but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world."

But zealous for better gifts, and aiming at a still higher perfection, he decided upon entering the religious state, and he applied to Rev. Fr. Congiato, Superior of the California Mission, for admittance into the Society. His desire, however, could not be granted immediately, because his labors could not at that time be spared by his bishop, Rt. Rev. P. Manogue. After waiting patiently for about a year, and having obtained the willing consent of his ecclesiastical superior, he began, at Santa Clara, his first probation, on the 2nd of April, 1883. From the moment of his entrance into the novitiate, it was evident that he had made up his mind to become a faithful follower of Christ, by generously embracing the cross; rapid, consequently, were his strides in the way of religious perfection. Immediately upon taking his religious vows, he was sent to St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, where he was made first prefect of the students' preparatory department. Here his virtue and excellent natural qualities served him in good stead; for by his meekness and forbearance, coupled with due firmness, he gained the affection and respect of both teachers and pupils. For nearly three years, with unfailing courage and zeal, he exercised this arduous office; but with last December came a severe cold, caught in the performance of his duties; it settled upon his lungs, and resulted in the fatal disease, which was to cut short a useful life. The symptoms, which day by day became more pronounced, as well as his increasing weakness, induced his superiors to send him to the milder climate of Santa Clara. They hoped that the change might benefit him. They were hoping against hope. No improvement in health followed; on the contrary, his decline was steady and rapid, and the medical attendants soon pronounced his case to be beyond human skill. But the good pleasure of God was now, as it had ever been, the rule of our dear father's conduct. He accepted his sickness as from the hand of God, not only with gentle resignation, but with joy and gratitude.

A novena in honor of the Holy Face of our Lord was begun in his behalf; and during the novena he daily received holy Communion; but the face, which he was destined to enjoy, was the face of the glorified Redeemer, bright with the brightness of eternal life; and on the seventh day

of the novena, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, in the deepest sentiments of resignation to God's holy will, and of gratitude for the privilege of dying in the bosom of the Society, Fr. Reitmayr peacefully surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator, on the morning of the 17th of April, 1888.—R. I. P.

Mr. Charles F. Worpenberg.

On the 15th of May, in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Mr. Charles Worpenberg fell asleep in the Lord, in the 26th year of his age. In the preceding December, he had received the last sacraments, but he rallied from immediate danger. On the Sunday before his death, he went down to the parlor, to see his father and sister, and on returning to his room, he experienced great difficulty in breathing, which caused him to ask for extreme unction. He also received the Viaticum. From that time, he sank rapidly, until on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, it became evident that the end was nigh. For the next two hours, he prayed as only a soul can pray, when it realizes that it is about to render an account for every thought, word and deed. While sitting on the edge of the bed, so that he could breathe more freely, he wished to join aloud in the prayers for the dying, but at Fr. Rector's bidding, he contented himself with following in spirit. The formula of the vows, acts of faith, hope and charity, and other prayers were read to him, and he dwelt on them with the greatest consolation, occasionally asking the reader to pause, that the words might sink deeper into his soul. Finally, during the community meal, at six o'clock, he kissed his crucifix, uttered the name of Jesus, and fell back into the arms of Mr. Rielag. His head was gently laid on the pillow, but his soul had passed away. What a beautiful death! Conscious to the very end, he knew that he was to die, and he met death without fear, brave soul that he was, for death to him was but the entrance into life.

Mr. Worpenberg was a treasure, truly and wholly the Society's. At the tender age of twelve years, he came to our college in Cincinnati, and from that day, he never left the fostering care of the Society, but was nurtured in its spirit and principles. After finishing rhetoric, he went direct to the novitiate After his juniorate, he made his course of philosophy at Woodstock, and came West, full of life and vigor, in 1886, to begin his teaching. Faithful had he been in his student life, and now he longed to employ his zeal in active labor. But God was satisfied with his good will. After a few months of teaching, he fell a prey to a fever-wasting consumption, which never left him.

In his school-days, he was remarkable for a winning gaiety and cheerfulness, which made him beloved by masters and playmates. Though he naturally preferred his books to the college sports, he always mingled freely with his companions. "Charlie" was always a favorite. He early took rank amongst the leaders of his class, and maintained it to the end of rhetoric, though success never dazzled his humility. In study and piety, he was a model to the whole school.

To his religious life, he brought all his boyish virtues, and strengthened them day by day. His child-like simplicity remained with him to the end. His spirit of obedience was shown in the exact observance of his rules. And who that knew him failed to remark that calm repose and gentleness of manner, which so charmed all with whom he had intercourse! But the point of rule which he observed to perfection was the one ending, "studiis se diligenter impendant," and may we be pardoned if we add with a sigh, "licet nunquam ad exercenda ea, quæ didicerint, perveniant." Not to speak of his constant application, we may mention that with him conversation always drifted into a literary or scientific channel. His natural love for study was increased and strengthened by obedience and zeal. And young as he was, he had made no mean progress on the path of learning.

A scholastic who had frequently heard him descant like a master on

the latest theories and experiments of the physical sciences, one day remarked, "I suppose that your specialty is the sciences." Judge of his surprise, when he received the reply, "No, I care very little for the sciences,—I study them only to keep up with the times." During his teaching in St. Louis, he longed for the Christmas holidays, not for rest, but that he might have a whole week *to devote to Suarez.*

Brief though his life, 'twas not in vain. The double end of the Society he attained,—his own sanctification, by the holocaust of self;—his neighbor's sanctification, by sending out from his fervent heart the oil of charity, to calm the troubled waters around him; by spreading the fragrance of his virtues in the garden of religion; by letting his light shine to all men.

The memory of our gentle, modest brother shall linger in our hearts and be with us on that day, when we meet again in the Kingdom of our Father.—R. I. P.

Fr. Edward J. Sourin.

This venerable father died at Loyola College on Pentecost Sunday. A sketch of his life is in preparation and will be printed in the next number of the Letters.

Varia.

Albania, Gennaro Pastore.—The Turks have done everything in their power to cause a miscarriage of justice in the trial of the murderers of our scholastic, Gennaro Pastore. First, the consuls of Austria and Italy, who by right of treaties should have taken an official part in the trial, were prevented by the local authorities from exercising their right, until a formal order from Constantinople secured it to them. Second, the monstrously unfair manner of conducting the trial compelled the consuls to demand, through their ambassadors at Stamboul, that an extraordinary commissary should be sent to reopen the proceedings. Third, this man, a high officer of the Ministry of Justice, arrived at Scutari; nevertheless, the trial, which closed on March 20th *during his absence*, ended in acquittal, notwithstanding the energetic protests of the consuls, who, to give point to their protest, withdrew before the close of the proceedings. Fourth, the sentence was published immediately, in the midst of the acclamations of the Mahometan public, and, in spite of the renewed protest of the consuls, the murderers were at once set free. Fifth, upon complaint of the Austrian and Italian ambassadors in Constantinople, the Sublime Porte ordered the re-arrest of the accused; but, a few days later, two of them were set free once more. Sixth, by a last and most vigorous intervention, the ambassadors succeeded in obtaining the re-arrest of all the accused and an order of the Sublime Porte, transferring accused, tribunal and trial to Constantinople. Seventh, accordingly, on March 31st, the accused were put under escort, on board a ship which sailed on that day from San Giovanni di Medua for Constantinople.—*Germania.*

Austria.—The fathers of the Austrian Province have opened a college at Travnik, in Bosnia.—There are two houses of missionaries in the province, Steyr and Laibach, and two novitiates, St. Andrä, and Tyrnau in Hungary. Last October, the Bishop of Klagenfurt in Carinthia, put his diocesan seminary in charge of Ours, which gave the Liberals occasion to vent their rage against the Jesuits. Fr. Kobler is the superior.—Budapest, the capital of Hungary, has had no house of the Society since the suppression. But recently a plot of ground was bought and a church will soon be erected.—In Kalocsa, our college has been complimented by the Minister of Public Instruction. He proposed it to the *gymnasia* of the land as the type of what they should aim at. This is the only *gymnasium* of the empire of which Ours have full control; the professors are approved by the government, having submitted to the tests required by law.

Fr. Milz, who was provincial for six years, is now rector and master of novices at St. Andrä. He has been succeeded in the provincialship by Fr. Schwärzler, formerly rector of the scholasticate in Pressburg.—Cardinal Ledochowski, whose friendship towards the Society is so marked, received from V. Rev. Fr. General a magnificent reliquary with a relic of St. Peter Claver, as a token of thankfulness for his labors in behalf of the canonization of the apostle of Cartagena. His Eminence sent the reliquary to his nephew, a novice priest in the novitiate of St. Andrä, with the request that it remain there forever.

Fr. Grisar will leave Innsbruck for Rome in August, to devote himself entirely to the historical researches which the Holy Father has imposed upon him.

At Innsbruck the triduum in honor of Blessed Edmund Campian and companions was celebrated with great pomp: High Mass in the morning, sermon and Benediction in the evening. On the closing day (Sunday) the military band, twenty-four strong, accompanied the people in the singing of "Grosser Gott."

We have received the programme of the splendid celebration of the Pope's

Jubilee in the *convictus* at Innsbruck. The programme is divided into two parts: the six speakers in the first part celebrate Pope Leo as *princeps belli*; in the second he is praised by as many as *princeps pacis*. Between the addresses eight pieces of vocal and instrumental music were performed.

Bombay.—There are nearly 800,000 inhabitants in Bombay. Of these 53,000 are Christians, 300,000 Zoroastrians (Parsees), 300,000 Hindoos, while the rest are Mahometans. The most wealthy are, it is said, to be found among the Hindoos, but the most industrious people are the Parsees, "second," as they like to say, "only to the Europeans." Of the 53,000 Christians of the island of Bombay, only 3000, perhaps, belong to the jurisdiction of Archbishop Porter, the great majority being Goanese, or, as they like to be called, "of the royal *Padroado* of Portugal." They are now directly under the Bishop of Daman. Daman is a small Portuguese territory along the coast north of Bombay. The bishop, however, who has the honorary title of Archbishop of Cranganore, resides in Bombay. The recent *concordat* between the Holy See and Portugal, instead of lessening the great pretensions of our *Padroadists*, has, up to this at least, served only to make them still more pretentious. Before the *concordat*, the followers of the royal *Padroado*, throughout the whole of India, were under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. The *concordat* raised Goa to the rank of a Patriarchal See with three suffragan dioceses, those namely of Daman, Cochin and Meliapore, while it cut away from diverse vicariates greater or less districts in order to supply these new dioceses. This division became the cause of new difficulties. For as some were left under the Propaganda and others annexed to it, the malcontents raised a dreadful storm, threatening in their wrath schism and apostacy, should their own claims meet with less favor. The poor Portuguese bishops, however, soon learned what was the cause of these troubles. The Bishop of Daman, in particular, had some sad experiences on more than one occasion. The source of the whole commotion in favor of the *Padroado* against the Propaganda is simply the eagerness of the former to have a thoroughly native clergy, inclusive of the hierarchy. But as Portugal sends out the bishops, they are immediately stigmatized as emissaries, with no other intent than to concentrate all the wealth of the churches at Goa, in order to increase the ecclesiastical fund of the crown. It would be wrong, however, to blame all the Goanese for what is the doing of only a few. The rioters are, indeed, but few, and reside, it is said, in Bombay. Still, as is always the case, these few mislead the common people and even render the efforts of the better disposed entirely useless. Unhappily in our own, as well as in the *Padroado* jurisdiction, the common people are by far the majority—cooks, butlers and fishermen. All of them would be good enough Christians if it were not for the rioters, who, when Easter approaches, show that they care very little whether they belong to the one or the other jurisdiction. It must not be wondered at that in this hotbed of religious contentions, Hindoos, Parsees and Mahometans are very indifferent about becoming Christians. In fact, whenever in India there is a tendency to our holy religion it is in general observable only in the up-country, in villages especially, where castes are unknown. So it is in the Sunderbunds, so likewise in Madura. But in a town like Bombay, all care for one's soul is lost in the thirst for riches; while every highminded religious sentiment is stifled by the sight of such quarrels as the above, and the licentious lives of so many Europeans. Another, and by no means the least, cause of indifference is that in the schools and universities indifferentism and naturalism are either directly inculcated, or easily allowed to creep in. Naturally the natives of India are a deeply religious people. Howsoever absurd the injunctions of their creed, they are faithfully carried out. Hindoo temples are spread in astonishing numbers throughout the whole of Bombay and, on the festival days, each one is thronged with worshippers. No Hindoo ever passes the temple without paying his *salaam*, which he does by putting his hand to his forehead. Their sacred cows, going from shop to shop in the bazar, pass unmolested through the most crowded thoroughfares, and no grocer will ever dream of hindering them from seizing whatever they like. The common people among the Parsees are just like the Hindoos. At sunset you may find throngs of them gathered on the seashore in order to worship God in his purest creature, as they say,—in the sun. Before every Parsee's house the sacred light is kindled and burns all night long, for no one is allowed to extinguish it. As Zoroastrianism is, theoretically at least, Monotheism, the Parsees may be more disposed to receive the Catholic religion, but the learned

amongst them are just as much inclined to believe nothing at all. Still less hope of their conversion is to be entertained as there is a powerful *esprit de corps* amongst them which leads them to exclude or rather boycott every one who turns Catholic. A young man of one of the leading families, who, whilst studying in London, had become a Catholic and married there a Catholic lady, came home and set up an establishment, but, after a very short time, unable to regain his social position, was obliged to return to England. Another Parsee gentleman, converted many years ago by Bishop Meurin, has been compelled, up to the present time, to keep his Catholic belief a secret. In regard to the Mussulmans, they are out of the question altogether, for besides the ordinary reasons which hinder their conversion, there is this, that one of the direct descendents of the Prophet lives here in their midst. But again, how strange! the present representative, who is a boy of but thirteen years, entitled "His Highness Aga Khan," has a devout Catholic for his private tutor, while all his male relatives are day-scholars at our College of St. Mary. It is really astonishing to see how beneficent the natives are. In the first instance their benefits are conferred, as must be expected, upon their own caste. And here again the Parsees are foremost. There is however one drawback in these benefits. Newspapers, marble slabs, etc., are all called into use to give them publicity. Some great hospitals, with a full staff of doctors, nurses, apothecaries, thus spring into existence, the government contributing as an incentive to others, as much as the founders themselves. There is even a large hospital for animals in Bombay, where all sick animals, as horses, cows, and dogs, are nursed. Only the other day the governor laid the cornerstone of an enlargement of this same building. In former days the natives contributed largely to the building of St. Xavier's, but nowadays their charity is more confined to their own interests.

Upon educational and school affairs, I will add nothing further. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding the zealous efforts of civil and religious corporations to establish new schools and colleges, St. Xavier's not only has not lost, but is even continually gaining pupils, especially Christian boys, and still stands foremost among all non-government schools.—*Extract from a letter to Fr. Heinzle.*

Books.—During the year 1886–87, our fathers of the province of Aragon published fourteen new works, most of them on asceticism and hagiography. The most important publication, probably, is the first volume of Fr. Cassajoana's Theology. They also issued twenty-one reprints of old works.

The 2nd and 3rd vols. of Fr. S. Schiffini's Philosophy are out.

The fourth edition of Fr. Jungck's Roman Hymnal has appeared.

Fr. Th. de Regnon has published a very learned and able work: *Métaphysique des Causes.*

France. Par le Rév. Père du Lac. A collection of charming letters, written by the rector of St. Mary's, Canterbury, to his pupils, while they were away from the college during an epidemic.

In the press: Fr. Pesch's Logic and Fr. Frins' long expected work on St. Thomas' teaching *De Gratia;* also Fr. Connolly's Speaker and Fr. Meschler's Commentary on the Exercises.

Boston, *Gov. Ames.*—At a banquet on the occasion of the 151st anniversary of the Charitable Irish Society, Gov. Ames paid the following tribute to the Jesuits in Massachusetts: "I have had occasion the last year to go round the State a good deal, and I went to your colleges, and I recall that I went to one college, and there to my utter astonishment I found that the professors had no salaries; they had to work teaching the boys for their living; all they got was board and clothes. That isn't the fashion over at Harvard. And I went to another college, Boston College. I remember the night I went to that institution accompanied by the staff. I remarked to General Dalton that it was going to be very dull. 'We have had enough of these commencements, I said; let us go in a little late,' and we did so. Let me concede, however, that I was perfectly astonished when I went in to find a commencement different from any I had ever attended before. Here I heard the students discussing the theory of Henry George on land ownership, and I was amazed at the eloquence with which the question was discussed, and I felt sorry that I was not there earlier, for those boys discussed that question with as much ability as though they were members of the United States Senate, and I know I said on leaving: 'Those boys do not appear like college

graduates, but seem more like men who have graduated from the university of experience'."

Brazil, Itú.—Our College of St. Luiz was opened on the 26th of February, and we have already two hundred and fifty boarders, a number somewhat lower than we had hoped for; but the decrease is due partly to the disease which was prevalent last year in the college, partly also to the opening of several new colleges in the neighborhood. The college at Nova Friburgo is doing very nicely; it has won a marked reputation, and has more applications than it is able to satisfy. I learned during the vacations that an allowance of money which used to be sent from the United States to the Protestants of Brazil, has been withheld of late, at least in some places, and that in consequence Protestantism is now in decline here. I could not discover why the income was suspended, but as for the failure of faith in Protestantism, it is quite natural, for no one in these parts becomes a Protestant out of religious conviction, but out of love for the holy dollar. You may judge. A minister having but little to do receives $3000 a year; and the inferior employees get a good sum in proportion; and of course this prospect of a comfortable salary is a good inducement to some to embrace the new religion, either as employees or as ministers. I have been told that the carnival in Rio Janeiro has this year been more impious than ever. Religion as well as its ministers and holy rites were laughed at in the public squares, and mocked in such a way as to outdo the excesses of paganism. Meanwhile the government remains blind.

Last January the Bishop of St. Paul called his priests to a retreat and a synod. The retreat was preached by Rev. Fr. Aureli, the Superior of our mission. The number of priests present was one hundred and sixty. The retreat was a great success. Another of our fathers was invited to Pernambuco and to the far distant Pará to preach a retreat to the clergy, the seminary, a few good ladies, and the religious of St. Dorotea. He came back after five months of labor and travel.—*Extract of letter from Fr. Galanti.*

Calcutta.—Archbishop Goethals, S. J., and several of our fathers engaged in the missions of Bengal have lately sent to the Provincial of the Belgian Province, to which the mission belongs, the most touching appeals for reenforcements. The archbishop proves in his letter that the present need of assistance is not due to our undertaking more works than we could well carry on, but to the fact that God is blessing the labors of Ours with an almost marvellous fruitfulness. Whole villages and towns seem to be moving spontaneously towards the Church; in many localities Protestantism has entirely lost its foothold and the natives are coming in hundreds asking for instruction and baptism; and alas! the laborers are too few to supply the demand and those that are working are nearly overcome by the strain placed upon them.

In addition to this movement among the natives towards the Church, we are forced to open a college at Darjeeling. For years this has been the desire and prayer of many of the most influential inhabitants, and petition after petition has been sent to superiors begging them to open an educational institution for the higher studies. Indeed the Catholics have been so much in earnest about this matter that, supported by the viceroy, they appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff himself; hence, through the intervention of Mgr. Gagliardi, Apostolic Delegate in India, the district of Darjeeling, which had been a Capuchin mission, was annexed to the Archdiocese of Calcutta and thus became a part of our mission of Bengal; and now, notwithstanding the scarcity of men, the college must be opened. However, owing to the generosity of the Belgian Province the most urgent demands have been supplied and our Lord seems to continue to pour out his blessings upon the labors of Ours in the Indies.

California.—The novitiate of the California Mission is now ready for occupation. The house, a handsome brick building of four storeys, is situated near the village of Los Gatos among the foothills at the base of the Santa Cruz Mountains; and is distant from San José, with which it is connected by the South Pacific Coast Railway, some ten or twelve miles. The site, at the entrance of the narrow cañon where the trains rush at once from the beautiful valley of Santa Clara into the midst of mountain and forest scenery, is extremely picturesque. Having an elevation of some six hundred feet it commands the entire Santa Clara valley rich with orchards and vine-

yards and cornfields and olive gardens. To the north is seen the southern part of the Bay of San Francisco stretching away to the horizon; to the east, the reddish-brown Coast-range, from the midst of which, twenty miles away, springs up the world-renowned Mt. Hamilton with its famous observatory, that can be easily distinguished with the help of an ordinary glass. To the south the valley stretches away between the mountains till it joins the Valley of the Salinas; while to the west the pine-clad peaks of the Santa Cruz Mountains hang over us, and shield us from the moist winds that blow in from the vast Pacific. Standing on the grounds among the orange and lemon trees, that in a few years will form a beautiful grove, one looks down two hundred feet upon the Arroyo de los Gatos, winding amid the alders, beyond which are the white houses of the thriving little town, famous in California legend. Around us on every hand are the gently rolling hills covered with vines, and crowned with the orange, the lemon, the apricot, the almond, the peach, and every other kind of fruit tree that makes California famous (for at this elevation we are in the "warm belt" where frost is seldom seen); while overhead glows the brilliant azure sky that for nine months out of the twelve scarcely knows a cloud. It is expected that by the beginning of next August the novices and juniors will be permanently settled in their new home.

China, Zi-ka-wei.—At a distance of about five English miles from Shanghai is located one of the chief Christian settlements of China, Zi-ka-wei. Its origin can be traced as far back as the seventeenth century; it was even then in a flourishing condition. Its marked importance in the country induced the Jesuits, as soon as they obtained again a foothold in China, to select that village as a central point for their Christian and civilizing labors.

The observatory of Zi-ka-wei is well known and the meteorological researches of the director, Father Dechevrens, are taken note of and appreciated by the entire scientific world. It may not be equally well known, however, that the observatory forms but part of a vast institution in which not only literature but also the sciences and the fine arts, even the humblest trades, are thoroughly taught.

The college proper is a large and beautiful building girt on all sides by magnificent gardens. It numbers, at present, about one hundred pupils, all sons of Chinese Christians; they are divided into three classes with a staff of four professors for each class. The course of studies differs in no way from that of the other schools of the empire; that is to say, it is exclusively limited to the reading of the "classical books" of China. The curriculum comprises a period of seven years, at the end of which the students are expected to present themselves for the academical honors of "Soutsai" a degree which is equivalent to that of 'Bachelor.' The sum of seven hundred and fifty francs per annum for each pupil covers all expenses of board and tuition. Those among the students who desire to become priests are, after their seven years' course, sent to a preparatory seminary (petit séminaire) where four years are devoted to the study of Latin and of the principal branches of a collegiate education. At the end of that term they enter the grand seminary, to spend one year in the study of philosophy and three in that of theology. They may then present themselves for ordination after two more years of training in the exercises of the sacred ministry under the enlightened guidance of a European missionary. The orphanage is the most interesting portion of the institution. It is especially reserved for pagan orphans, who are brought up, within its precincts, in the principles and practice of the Christian religion. It occupies two long rows of well ventilated houses, in each one of which a useful trade is taught. In that system of orphan training all the branches of industry find room. One meets there with carpenters, turners, joiners, sculptors, draftsmen, weavers, shoemakers, tailors, printers, book-binders, painters, etc. Up to the age of twelve, the orphan is under obligation to attend the preparatory schools; he may then select a trade of his own liking. After a few years of apprenticeship, he is declared proficient in his trade and is entitled to a monthly salary. He may also, if he pleases, leave the orphanage and set up for himself, but in that case he pledges himself, in writing, to return to the institution three or four times a year for religious exercises. Shanghai numbers, to-day, hundreds of those workmen trained in the schools of Zi-ka-wei. Their skill is highly valued. The orphanage is under the immediate supervision of a Jesuit father and four brothers, two of whom are European and two Chinese. They have one hundred pupils in their charge, whom they train in sculpture, drawing, carpentering and printing, tailoring

and shoemaking. The carpenters exceed the rest in number. By far the greater portion of the furniture of the Catholic churches in the north of China, such as altars, pulpits, confessionals, etc., are the handiwork of our Zi-ka-wei orphans, who receive orders even from Mongolia and Corea. Their work vies in excellence with that of any European carpenter; it is certainly as durable, and unquestionably cheaper. Their statues of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, their framed *Ecce Homos*, are not surpassed by whatever is done best in the same line in the west. It is generally granted that the Chinese are devoid of imagination, that they are utterly incapable of doing the slightest bit of artistic work without a model to guide them; yet it must be admitted that such is their power of imitation that very often it is impossible, even for a connoisseur, to distinguish between the copy and the original. Architectural drawing forms the specialty of about half a dozen of our Chinese draftsmen. A European brother draws the model which they diligently and skilfully copy. The plans of all the churches, schools, and other buildings erected by the missionaries, as well as special maps of all the provinces of China, are drawn in the institution. Those maps are considered the very best known, and are of a very large size, measuring six feet square.

The painting schools hold a prominent place in the system on which the orphanage is conducted, and it may be stated, without fear of exaggerating, that the pictures, whether they be in oil or water colors, which the orphans turn out yearly, may compete in brilliancy of tone and finish of detail with the most prized productions of your European artists. These paintings are chiefly of a religious character as they are generally destined to adorn the walls of the Catholic churches in China.

But the printing department is undoubtedly the most important. From its presses have already issued an enormous number of works, several of which contain exquisite lithographs and wood engravings. The printing is done in fifteen different languages. Father Zottoli's great work was published here; so too the famous "Cursus linguæ Sinicæ." The *Yi-wen-lu* a biweekly is edited and printed at Zi-ka-wei. Its sale is extensive and its reputation growing.

Besides the above mentioned wonders, the institution possesses a library, a museum and an observatory which deserve honorable mention. The library contains upwards of 20,000 volumes, a splendid collection of manuscripts, and Chinese parchments rare and quaint. Father Heude, well known among naturalists, is in charge of the museum. Whatever of zoological and mineral specimens could be gathered in China and the surrounding countries are displayed in cases and on shelves. The collection may be said to be a complete natural history. Father Dechevrens, the distinguished astronomer, of whom mention was made at the beginning of this sketch, is the director of the observatory. Built in 1873, and enlarged considerably since, it affords admirable advantages for meteorological observations. That Father Dechevrens and his assistants have not missed the opportunities offered of minute investigations into the meteorological phenomena, can be inferred from the carefully preserved meteorological tables.

In conclusion we must add that a building is portioned off for experiments in terrestrial magnetism, and another for studies in barometric and thermometric variations as registered by photography.— *Deutsche Kolonial-Zeitung.*

Disputations.—In most of our colleges the class of Philosophy hold, from time to time, philosophical disputations. In Georgetown, on the 5th of June, one student defended twenty-two very difficult theses in Psychology and Natural Theology.—A neatly printed programme, sent out from Detroit College, in April, invites the clergy and other friends to witness a disputation on a number of theses taken from Psychology and Natural Theology.—At Fordham, on June 11th, a disputation took place on theses taken from Cosmology, Psychology and Ethics. Usually one or two papers are, also, read at these disputations on some important philosophical question.

But the most interesting programme comes to us from China, from our seminary in Zi-ka-wei, where Chinese youths are trained for the secular priesthood. On the 22nd of March, some of the principal theses of Cosmology and Psychology were defended, in Latin, of course, by Paulus Kiao against Simon Tsu, Petrus Yu, and Joannes B. Pe.

Ecuador.—Extract of a letter from the Apostolic School of Riobamba.

In August 1887, an apostolic school was opened with eleven pupils at Rio-

bamba, under the direction of Fr. Muñoz. For this purpose the government enlarged, at its own expense, the National College, which it had already confided to the Society. Riobamba, situated near the Chimborazo, is in communication with Quito and Guayaquil. Its 12,000 inhabitants live in a temperature ranging between 15° and 20° C., among the productions of tropical and temperate climes.

In Ecuador, where the people are good and simple Christians, the fathers teach, hear confessions, preach, direct sodalities and write for the Catholic reviews. During vacation they give retreats to the clergy and missions to the people, who, as a rule, only then approach the sacraments. At Quito they direct the National College, and one is official promoter of the great National Basilica to be raised in honor of the Sacred Heart. Six fathers and four brothers have charge of sixteen tribes in the Marañon Reductions. Four Sisters of the Good Shepherd will soon go thither from Quito to teach the Indian girls.

In 1767, Ours were expelled from the tribes living north of Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia. Last year (1887), these Indians, who have ever proclaimed that they will have no priests but the blackrobes (Jesuits), goaded into revolt by the government, drove before them the opposing soldiery. The newly appointed governor declared that the presence of the Jesuits was necessary to appease the storm. Three fathers started with him last August and were absent five months. The Indians recognized the beloved blackrobes of their nation and submitted to their every demand. Joyfully they brought forth the well-preserved dalmatics, chasubles and chalices of the old Society. Not one illegitimate child nor marriage was found among them. All, without exception, went to confession.

In Bolivia, the Society has a college at La Paz, and efforts are being made to establish one at the capital (Sucre). The fathers are giving numerous missions and are well received by whites and Indians.

At Lima in Peru, during the year 1884, the Society was so fiercely attacked by the masonic lodges that it was judged prudent to close the college and keep only a residence. We hope that the college will soon reopen its doors, for the youth especially is in need of guidance.

Egypt, Cairo.— The government has granted permission to begin the construction of our new college. It will hold 600 students.— *Alexandria.* The solemn opening of our new college at Alexandria took place the 2nd of February.—The mission of *Upper Egypt* has been inaugurated. The beginning has been full of hardships, for we have arrived twenty years too late.

Fordham, May Devotions. — The May devotions in honor of our Queen and Mother were carried out with more than usual splendor this year. The statue of our Blessed Lady, situated in the college quadrangle, was the centre around which we gathered each evening to sing hymns and recite prayers in honor of the Mother of God. Sanctuary lamps and numerous candles placed in frames of varied shape, together with the reflection of an oxy-hydrogen light, were used for the illumination of the statue, whilst plants and flowers in abundance added to its beauty.

To keep up interest in the devotions, changes were made in the decorations every day, owing to Mr. Mulry's ingenious devices. Some time before the end of the month, preparations were begun for a grand final celebration. Days were spent in planning, and willing hands busied themselves in getting things ready. All the last day was spent in arranging for the illumination. Along the three sides of the triangular grass-plot in which the statue stands, were suspended, one above the other, double rows of Chinese lanterns of different forms and colors. At the three corners were erected as many triple crosses whose arms supported various colored lights. A five-pointed star of candles was formed on the edge of the circular flower-bed that surrounds the statue, and above the statue itself a crown of lights was suspended and then down around it, row after row, many tinted lights were placed on frames made for the purpose. In the foreground stood a small shrine in which was a statue of the Infant Jesus under an arch of ivy and flowers. In the evening, when the lanterns, candles and lamps were lit, the scene was very beautiful. The exercises were as brilliant as the illumination. Rev. Father Provincial came from the sacristy, accompanied by two acolytes, and took his position in front of the statue. The cadets were drawn up in line and fired a salute of four volleys in honor of their Heavenly Queen. After all had joined in a hymn, Rev. Father Provincial, in a short and fervent address, urged all to the

imitation of the virtues which made our Blessed Mother so pleasing in God's sight, and closed with the wish that all who were gathered there in love at the foot of that statue of bronze might some day without one exception kneel at the throne of our Lady in heaven to join in singing her praises forever. The singing of the litanies of the Blessed Virgin was followed by the reading of the solemn act of consecration to the Mother of God by Father Cassidy.

France. *Lenten Preachers in the Province of Paris:*— 20 in different churches in Paris; 7 in cathedral churches; 33 in other churches outside of Paris.

Etudes.—The list of subscribers has already reached 2500, considerably surpassing the number of subscribers to the old *Etudes.*

FF. Perry and De Smedt took a conspicuous part in the meetings of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics lately held in Paris.

Galicia.—A new college is being built at Chyrow, in which there will be room for 600 boarders. The minister of public instruction, Mr. Gautsch, and six bishops were present at the laying of the corner-stone.

At Dobromil, Leopol and Lawrow, six of Ours are employed in the reform of the Ruthenian monasteries of Basilian monks. One is rector and master of novices, the others are superiors and professors. The number of Basilians under their charge is 69.

Georgetown College. —The subject of special interest to all Georgetonians at the present time is the approaching celebration of the centennial of the college. The event will be commemorated early in 1889, and efforts will be made conjointly by the faculty and the Society of the Alumni to render the celebration worthy of the occasion. If one may be permitted to forecast the outcome of these efforts by the reception which the announcement is having from old students, no fears of failure need be entertained. The distinctive features of the centennial can not be positively set forth at this early date. The religious ceremonies, which will inaugurate the festivities, will be on as grand a scale as the conditions of college life permit. His Eminence, the Cardinal, has graciously intimated his pleasure to attend. An academic session of the college will probably be held, at which many of her more distinguished sons, as well as friends whom she will be proud to honor, will receive, under the broad seal of the university, testimony of the esteem in which they are held. The literary exercises, under the auspices of the Society of Alumni, promise to rank with the most attractive that the college has known in her century's growth. The purely social features of the celebration will not fall below the dignity of the occasion.

The carpenters' work on the *Coleman Museum* is now practically completed, and the cases, which are modelled after those in the Smithsonian, will soon be ready. Father Frisbee has charge of the arrangement of the room, and his long experience and excellent taste in matters of this kind will insure an orderly and neat disposition of the college's valuable scientific collections. He assures us that the first place and most prominent position in the new room will be given to the collections of the Toner Circle. These collections, being the results of individual research by students, and having such an intrinsic scientific value, form one of the proudest possessions of Georgetown. The coins and medals will be placed in a prominent position. The well-known curator of the coin department at the Smithsonian, after examining the collection at the college, declared it one of the most valuable in the country. The Museum will be open by Commencement Day.

The Class of Philosophy gave a public lecture on Sound in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, May 3rd. The speakers showed much careful preparation, and were particularly happy in the choice and treatment of the matter. Perhaps the most striking feature of the evening's display was the selection of experiments, which were entirely simple, yet most attractive, and proved beyond question the conclusions which they were meant to illustrate.

The most notable event of the present scholastic year was the opening of the special course of lectures on Electricity on Tuesday evening, May 8th. The lectures were begun at the urgent request of a number of professional gentlemen of Washington who, to meet frequent requirements in the practice of their profession, wished to gain a familiar acquaintance with the subject of Electricity. The lectures are given twice a week by the professor of physics, Father Frisbee, assisted by some of the members of the class of phi-

losophy. The first meeting was well attended; at the second, all the seats were occupied, and it is expected that at the subsequent meetings there will be more than thirty in attendance. The gentlemen have expressed themselves as delighted at what they have seen and heard thus far. After the first meeting, they formed themselves into a regular class-association, and elected Judge Stockbridge, ex-Commissioner of Patents, president. It is said that the lectures will be resumed after vacation. They are held in the physics lecture-room. Immediately after the last private lecture of this term, Father Frisbee, assisted by the class of '88, will give a public lecture on Electricity in Memorial Hall.

In our last issue we mentioned that the college bells had been placed in position, and all that was lacking was the great tower-clock. Now at last the clock is in position. The two dials, facing east and west, are 135 feet from the ground, and are 8 feet 6 inches in diameter. The clock proper measures 53 inches wide, 39 inches deep, and 65 high. It is an 8-day instrument, and is furnished with gravity escapement and compensating pendulum-rod. The works are highly polished and run very smoothly. The rod and ball of the pendulum proper weigh about 500 pounds. The hour-striking weight is about 800 pounds. The clock strikes at each quarter, two bells being heard at the first, three at the second and third, and the large bell alone at the hour. The college tower is so high above the surrounding country that the time can easily be distinguished from a great distance.

The usual devotions in the chapel, in honor of the Queen of May, were begun on the evening of April 30th by the blessing of a statue of our Lady, which was afterwards placed on one of the side altars, converted for the month into a lovely May altar. The beautiful custom among the Georgetown boys, instituted years ago by our late beloved Father John Sumner, of wearing, during this month, in honor of our Lady, a medal attached to a piece of blue ribbon, is as conspicuous this year as ever.—*College Journal.*

A letter just received from Georgetown states that both faculty and students were recently very much edified by the sight of 60 students going to Holy Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart; the day was not a holiday and the movement was entirely spontaneous.

Louvain. — The sodality of university students celebrated the triduum in honor of the canonization of St. John Berchmans, in our church, during the last week in April. There was a solemn High Mass each day, Benediction and sermons both in Flemish and in French. On Friday, April 27th, Benediction was given by the *rector magnificus*, and the sermon was preached by the vice-rector.—Our scholasticate has been dedicated to St. John Berchmans.

Madagascar.—On last 4th of July, Mr. Campbell, the American consul at Tamatave, gave a dinner, to which he invited the most distinguished persons of the city. Among the first to whom this courtesy was extended, were our FF. Lacomme and Bregère. After the health of the President of the U. S. and that of the Queen of Madagascar had been drunk, one of the most prominent of the gentlemen present proposed the following toast: "Gentlemen, I cannot help thanking the United States' consul for the kindness he has shown to the French colony, by gathering together around this festive board so many of her principal men. Side by side with representatives of commerce, navigation and the press, we have the representatives of the Church. We are, indeed, glad to have with us on this anniversary of your glorious republic, those indefatigable toilers who are ever found in the foremost lines of civilization not only in Madagascar, but all the world over. Gentlemen, the health of FF. Lacomme and Bregère."

The U. S. consul, Mr. Campbell, is an old pupil of ours and a good Catholic, who is not afraid to make public profession of his religion.

The following account of the labors of Ours in Madagascar, sent to the directors of the Propagation of the Faith, will be interesting:—From July 1886 to July 1887, there were 4152 baptisms, 34,500 confessions, 31,325 Communions, 969 confirmations, 71 extreme unctions, 285 marriages. The entire number of Catholics amounts to 78,000, and the pupils attending our schools are 12,556.

These figures, says Fr. Caussèque, are quite small if considered apart from the circumstances in which Ours are toiling. Still, if it be borne in mind that, during the late war which lasted three years, the neophytes were en-

tirely without religious aid, the present results show that God's blessing is upon our labors. After three years of forced absence from their mission, the state of misery and degradation in which the fathers found it upon their return can be more easily imagined than described. Of course God watched over the faithful during the time of exile, and there were not wanting heroes who did all in their power to supply what they could to keep their brethren firm in the faith during the absence of Ours. The care which Providence took of the Catholics during their time of trial was especially notable with regard to the lepers, who, of course, when Ours were banished, would be left completely to themselves. But God took care of his own. "On the night following the departure of the fathers," says an Anglican minister of the London Missionary Society, "I heard a voice constantly saying to me: 'What will become of the poor lepers? Go help them.' "This thought followed me everywhere. On the following Sunday, I went to their hospital and distributed fifteen or twenty francs among the sick, and promised to supply their wants until the return of the fathers. My friends in England sent me seven hundred and fifty francs for this good work and this enabled me to keep my word. I never made the least effort to induce any of those poor creatures to give up their own religion. I offered to pray with them on my first visit, 'but if this be at all disagreeable to you,' I added, 'I will confine myself to simply aiding you with my alms.' And so I did during the three years of the fathers' absence."

Father Cazeaux has sent to the Geographical Society of Bordeaux a paper on the cultivation of the vine in Madagascar.

Madura. — St. Joseph's College, at Trichinopoly, is in a very flourishing condition, the number of its students fluctuating between 990 and 1100. Two members of the faculty, FF. Jean and Sewell, are fellows of the university.

Last October the college gave a solemn reception to the governor of Madras. His Excellency was more than pleased with the reception, for which he very warmly thanked Fr. Rector. His discourse was mainly a eulogy of the Society and its method of teaching.

The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart is published at the college in the Tamil language.

Manila. — Fr. Ricart, the Superior of the Mission, has been appointed Provincial of Aragon.

The government has granted $4000 to Fr. Faura, at Manila, for the construction of a building for magnetic observations.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. — The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for May keeps well to the brilliant promise of its April departure. The frontispiece—"The Madonna Enthroned" of Murano—is a handsomely engraved bit of pre-Raphaelite work. The historical story,—"The Rescue of the Madonna,"—complete in this number, is also strongly illustrated, and shows, in the vivid horrors of a siege, how it may be "easier to scale a bastion than to give an absolution." Of the other articles, the first instalment of the eventful life of "Father Peter Beckx, 22nd General of the Society of Jesus," and "Miracles of One of Mary's Saints" (the new Saint John Berchmans), are of general interest; as is also the account, from the Papal documents, of the growth of the now almost universal League of the Sacred Heart, of which the twenty-nine *Messengers*, in fourteen different languages, constitute the periodical organ. One of the "Songs of May" may become popular wherever true Irishmen are found. It takes us from

> Sweet is the song of the exile
> When he thinks of his home in Loughrea—

into

> The penitent heart of the May.

Naples.—Rev. Fr. N. Mola, Rector of the novitiate and Master of novices, has been lately appointed Provincial. In 1883 he stopped in New York, for some days, while on his way from South America to Italy. Notwithstanding the good will of Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, our fathers have been unsuccessful in their attempts to get back the beautiful church of the Gesù in that city, while the Dominicans and other religious have succeeded in obtaining theirs. Our colleges in Naples prosper.

New Mexico. — The new college of Denver approaches completion, and it is expected that it will be ready for the opening of the classes next September. This college is intended to replace the colleges of Morrison and Las Vegas, becoming thus the only boarding-school of the mission.

The inhabitants of Las Vegas have been making efforts to retain, at least, a residence of the Society in their town. For that purpose they have even appealed to the Holy Father. Very Rev. Fr. General, hearing of this appeal, has withheld his final decision till the answer from Rome can be learned.

New Orleans. — On entering the Jesuits' church, should the eye of any one chance to range higher than the top of the altar, a statue of Our Lady would meet his gaze. Strange to say, a singular history is connected with this statue. Just before the revolution of 1830, there lived the celebrated sculptor Foyatier. He it was who made the equestrian statue of Joan D'Arc. All France was charmed by the artistic work, and Mary Amelia, the queen of Louis Philippe, gave Foyatier an order for a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Unfortunately the revolution broke out, and Louis Philippe was exiled. The downhearted sculptor was then obliged to sell his beautiful statue, the price of which was set at 30,000 francs ($6000). But to make a long story short, the statue, some way or other, reached New York, and thence it made its way to New Orleans, and the fathers of this community purchased it for $1500, and since then it has added to the beauty of the Jesuits' church. It has been in the possession of the Jesuits for about twenty years.—*Student.*

Old Students. — Mr. Thos. H. Dunn, a member of the class of '84 at St. John's College Fordham, was graduated on Tuesday night, at the Medical School of the New York University. He ranked second in a class of 197. His essay on 'The Medical Profession' received the special commendation of Dr. Loomis. The young doctor who won the first place had been two years longer at medical studies than Mr. Dunn, so that the latter may say that he was *princeps inter pares.* Honor to him, and to the famous Jesuit college that gave him his mental training.—*The Catholic Review.*

Mr. Francis X. Brosnan A. M. '87 of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, lead his class in the semi-annual examination at the Columbia College School of Mines.

Mr. Charles H. McKinstry A. B. '84, of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, graduated with honor at West Point on June 9th, taking the second place in a class of about 40.

Omaha.—The new collegiate church of St. John, adjoining Creighton College, Omaha, was dedicated on the 6th of May. The services were unusually solemn and beautiful, and attracted an immense congregation, amongst whom were many prominent non-Catholics. The dedication was performed by Bishop O'Connor. After the dedication, solemn High Mass was sung by Fr. M. P. Dowling, President of the college, assisted by Fr. Joseph F. Rigge as deacon, Mr. F. Mara as subdeacon, and Mr. J. Donoher as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. R. J. Meyer, the Provincial of the Missouri Province. The church is described as a truly magnificent edifice. It is 112 feet in length by 75 feet in width, with a nave of 62 feet; but the real plan of the building includes a total length of 184 feet, with a breadth across the transepts of 183 feet, and the present north wall is of a temporary character in order to admit of future extension. The style is Gothic. The front of the structure presents an appearance of great elegance and stability. On the north-east corner stands a quadrilateral tower; an octagonal spire surmounted by a cross, which is intended to rise to a height of 100 feet, being needed now to finish the tower. To the west of the main entrance is another tower, which has been completed and rises to a height of 83 feet. The interior is light and cheery; the roof is supported by Gothic arches and columns. The main altar is regarded as the handsomest one between New York and San Francisco, and cost $5600, being chiefly of Italian and Tennessee marble beautifully sculptured. The stained glass windows are many and rich, and depict especially the lives of the saints of the Society. The church has cost about $60,000 and will seat about 700 persons.—*Extract from Omaha paper.*

Rome, Collegio Germanico.—On April 30th, the Holy Father gave audience to the rector and a deputation of students of the Collegio Germanico,

who came to offer their jubilee gifts. First there were two large stained glass windows for the Vatican palace, one representing St. Leo the Great, the other St. Gregory the Great. These windows are remarkable pieces of art and were made in Munich. Next was presented the beautiful family-tree of the college. The fruits of the tree exhibit a compendium of the history of the college. There are the names of those alumni who died either for the faith or in the service of the plague-stricken. Among them is the name of the Blessed Robert Johnson, who died for the faith in England. Other branches contain the names of the 27 cardinals who were alumni of the college; the first is Flavius Orsini, the last, Cardinal Hergenroether. After the cardinals follow the 66 abbots, then 280 bishops. Other branches show the names of the 47 archbishops, the last being Archbishop Stadler of Serajewo in Bosnia. Then follow the 32 administrators of dioceses, and finally a great number of authors and other distinguished men.

Then the deputation presented the Peter's pence of the alumni and students and a superbly bound Album containing a brief history of the college written in Latin, and the photographs of the houses, villas and churches of the college.

Finally, they presented an address to His Holiness and the catalogue of a library which is in the Vatican Exhibition. This library contains the works of all the alumni of the college written since 1830. There are 85 authors and 358 volumes. The works range over the wide fields of Church History, Dogma, Moral, Apologetics, Canon Law, Exegesis, Liturgy, Philosophy, Astronomy, Mathematics and Literature. His Holiness received the deputation and their gifts very graciously, praised the work done by this college in the past and spoke of his hopes for the future. He referred with pleasure to the time when he was *Repetitor* in the German College, remembered the names of his pupils and their successful labors in after-life. On dismissing the rector and students, he bestowed upon all his Apostolic benediction.—*Germania.*

St. Louis.—The post-graduate course of lectures at the St. Louis University for 1887–88, embraced a series of private, semi-public and public lectures. The private series was opened by an introductory lecture on *Studious Habits* by Fr. H. Moeller, and was carried on through five lectures on *Modern Spiritism* by Fr. Jas. F. X. Hoeffer, ten on *Mind-life and the Cell Theory* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway, six on *The Human Compound* by Fr. Jas. F. X. Hoeffer, five on *The Noachian Deluge* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway, five on *The Ethics of Government* by Fr. H. Moeller, and four on *The Idea of God* by Fr. Harts. Of these lectures, that by Father Hoeffer entitled *A Review of the Promises and Claims of Modern Spiritism*, and Father Moeller's on *Social Abuses and Social Reforms*, are called, in the pamphlet issued by the university, "Semi-public lectures," as they were delivered in the University Hall. Abstracts of all the private and semi-public lectures are given in the pamphlet. The three public lectures, also delivered in the Hall, were *Glimpses of Every-Day Life in Ancient Rome*, by Fr. John N. Poland, *The Chemistry of Photography* by Fr. Chas. M. Charropin, and *Leo XIII and the Modern Powers* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway.

The proposed new building of the Young Men's Sodality, connected with the St. Louis University, has attracted the greatest interest in St. Louis, and promises to become one of the most ornamental buildings on Grand Avenue. The sodality was founded by Fr. Damen forty-two years ago and has ever since been connected with the college church. A year ago the sodalists purchased a lot 100 x 150 feet, fronting on Grand Avenue at the head of Chestnut St., and there they intend to erect the new hall. Not long since, they sold their old hall, and were thus enabled to purchase the present lot and to have a surplus of $10,000 for the new building. Thirty thousand dollars, however, is the whole sum needed, but, with appeals to their members and many outside friends, the sodalists expect to realize this amount in due time.

Syria. — The celebration of the feast of the university at Beyroot, on the first of May, 1887, was conducted with great pomp and solemnity. The Apostolic Delegate sang Pontifical Mass in presence of all the students. At dinner, besides His Lordship, there were present his Coadjutor Mgr. Gaudenzio and two Monsignori attached to the Nunciatures of Vienna and Lisbon, who were at the time visiting Syria.

The festivities were concluded by an Arabic play performed by the students. It was attended by a large number of distinguished Mussulmans. The scene

is laid in Arabia before the rise of Islam. It would have been difficult to have found a subject more agreeable to the audience, and more thoroughly Arabic. In the second scene the Kaâba or the Pantheon of Mecca was represented. Among the three hundred statues which grace its halls, there was one of our Lady. This is an historical fact, and, of course, our Blessed Mother's statue held a prominent position on the stage. It is also a fact that although Mahomet caused all the other statues to be destroyed, still he respected our Lady's and left it untouched. As the play progressed, its plot unfolded more and more clearly the state of Christianity which had existed in Arabia before it was destroyed by Mahomet and his followers. Great was the astonishment of the Mussulmans; it was depicted on their faces, and the impression produced was very favorable.

On the 9th of May, Ours again gained favor with the Turks by illuminating the university with electric light in honor of the Sultan's feast. Indeed the Sultan's good will towards the Church seems secured, for his present to the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee was a ring worth no less than forty thousand dollars.

Nor has the university been backward in expressing its joy to our Holy Father on his happy celebration. Quite a large purse was the outcome of the generous contributions not only of the Catholic students, but also of Schismatics, Druses, Jews and Mussulmans. Moreover, a beautiful polyglot album is preparing in which will be congratulations written in all the languages spoken at the university. This present promises to be very handsome.—*Relations d'Orient.*

U. S. Senate.— The following clipping is from the *Congressional Record* of March 1st, 1888. The bill for the *compulsory education of Indian children* was before the Senate. Senator Vest of Missouri said: "I am almost afraid to allude to the Jesuits; but I see my friend from New Hampshire [Mr. Blair] is not in his seat, and I can do so with safety. The best schools on this continent to-day are conducted by the Jesuits. Wherever you see an Indian school conducted by Jesuits it is conducted upon the proper principle, and that is the result of nearly a century of absolute experience.

"I visited those schools and found compulsory education for male children and for female children. The Jesuits commenced in the first place with the education of males, and they found that to be a failure. They found that the young man who had graduated went back to his tribe and there became the object of ridicule because he had adopted the language and the habits of the white man, and ridicule is the most potent weapon with the Indian everywhere. The result was that without any support except self-support, unaided and alone, he relapsed into barbarism, and then out-Heroded Herod in defense of savage customs and savage fashions.

"The result of this experience was that the Jesuits have now established dual schools for both sexes, the female schools under the conduct of nuns and the male schools under the conduct and management of members of the Jesuit order. When they graduate they intermarry, and the couple, assisted by the Jesuits and by the agent on the reservation, with a small piece of land cleared and a house erected and a bunch of cattle, in Western parlance, become the nucleus of civilization and Christianity. They support each other. I visited their houses and saw husband and wife living together, enjoying all the benefits of Christianity and civilization, and raising their children in the same way. Any of my brother Senators who have been along the Northern Pacific Railroad and passed through the Flathead reservation in Montana have seen the results of this Jesuit education.

"I was instrumental, and I am proud of it, as proud as of any act of my public life, some few years ago in obtaining $8000 from Congress for the establishment of an industrial school under the charge of the Jesuits upon that reservation." Here Mr. Vest's time expired but, by unanimous consent, he proceeded as follows: "The result of that appropriation was that an industrial school was established at the Jesuit mission on that reservation, and you can look from the windows of the cars to-day and see comfortable houses, farms fenced in, horses and cattle grazing, and a law-abiding population, the result of that single experiment. Those Indians are to-day further advanced in civilization than any upon this continent except the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory. I was there last summer and I saw the Indian boys, with their aprons on, engaged in mechanical pursuits. They make their own clothes, from hat to boots and shoes. They go into the forests and cut down

timber and cut it into lumber and build their houses. They are blacksmiths. They put up two dormitories, which accommodate forty boys and forty girls, and all the principal work, under the direction of a skilled workman, has been done by those Indian boys.

"They have learned agriculture. The Jesuits devote their whole lives to this service. The members of the order feel themselves dedicated to that purpose from their boyhood up, and I saw one of them who for fifty years had been engaged in this work among the Indians of North America, who had come here when he was twenty years old. This experiment shows that the industrial boarding-school is the only hope for the Indian. The Jesuits take charge of the children, and do not permit them to go back to their parents' houses until they finish their education. The parents can go and visit them, but they do it in the presence of a Jesuit father. When vacation comes they are taken out in charge of the Jesuits. The result is to be seen there by any one, a state of civilization advanced beyond that of any other tribe on the continent outside of the Indian Territory."

Zambesi.—Fr. Daignault, who finished his philosophy at Woodstock in 1876, has succeeded Fr. Weld as superior of the mission. Fr. Weld is master of novices at Graaff Reynet.

Home News, Reception to Rev. Fr. Fulton on his return from Ireland.—On the evening of Thursday, Apr. 18th, Rev. Fr. Fulton, then Provincial, arrived at Woodstock, and on the following morning, the fathers and students assembled in the library, to tender him their greetings on his safe return, and to bid him a hearty welcome home. The reception was most pleasing, by reason of the absence of all formality; it was a genuine family gathering, marked by the warmest feelings of joy and respect. After the orchestra had played a very pretty selection, Mr. Sherman ascended the platform, and in the name of Woodstock, welcomed Fr. Fulton home. Following, came a song of welcome by a select choir of theologians and philosophers. For the theologians, Mr. Casey's poem feelingly and naturally expressed the sentiments of their hearts on the joyous occasion. The "flower-song," a very sweet and plaintive melody, was then rendered by the orchestra, and at its close, Mr. McNiff, for the philosophers, read a short but thoughtful poem, expressive of the good wishes of all for the welfare of the province and the success of Fr. Fulton's efforts for the glory of God and the honor of the Society. After another address by Mr. M. Hollohan, and some more music, Fr. Fulton addressed the community. He thanked the scholastics very warmly for the reception, said he was happy to be with them once more, and then related some amusing incidents that happened to him abroad.

On May 19th, Rev. Fr. Lessmann, Visitor to the New Orleans Mission and Rev. Fr. O'Shanahan, the new superior of that mission, paid us a visit, remaining with us a few days.

The Academics of Theologians and Philosophers have proceeded as usual during the past year. Following is a list of the papers read:—

THEOLOGIANS' ACADEMY.

Methodism—a critique and refutation of article in *N. A. Review:* "Why am I a Methodist?" ..... F. P. Powers

Vagaries of a Free Religionist—critique and refutation of article in *N. A. Review:* "Why am I a Free Religionist?" ..... H. Woods

Craniotomy ..... J. P. DeSmedt

Congregationalism—critique and refutation of article in *N. A. Review:* "Why am I a Congregationalist?" ..... P. J. McGinney

Moral Necessity ..... M. Eicher

Lying and Mental Reservation—the Scholastic Theory ..... P. J. Casey

" " " " —Theory of Grotius ..... E. J. O'Sullivan

Predestination (*post prævisa merita*) ..... J. M. Colgan

Unitarianism—critique and refutation of article in *N. A. Review:* "Why am I a Unitarian?" ..... T. E. Murphy

Origin of Jurisdiction ..... M. A. Noel

PHILOSOPHERS' ACADEMIES.

(*Third Year*)

Constitution of Bodies ..... A. J. E. Mullan
Immortality of the Soul ..... P. J. Murphy
The End of Human Acts ..... A. Taillant
Life ..... J. Dawson
Some Relations of Philosophy to Literary Criticism ..... F. J. Finn
Metaphysics and the Human Soul ..... G. O'Connell
The Act of Sensation ..... H. Casten
Truth and Reservation ..... J. M. Coghlan
Nature and Origin of the Human Soul ..... J. B. Gillick
The Existence of God ..... D. J. Murphy
Rosmini's Innate Idea ..... J. G. Kuhlman
Instinct ..... M. A. Higgins

(*Second Year*)

Sensitive Perception ..... M. Hussey
Transcendental Idealism ..... J. Raby
Causes of Being ..... H. G. Huermann
The Beautiful in Art ..... F. M. Connell
Synthetical *a priori* Judgments ..... R. A. Hennemann
Quantitative Extension ..... M. R. McCarthy
Philosophy and Science ..... L. Green
Technical Elements in Realism and Idealism ..... J. H. Smith
The Perception of Sound and Color ..... D. Lawton
The Universals ..... B. Keany
Dynamism ..... J. H. Meyer
Atomic Theories ..... J. Raby
Hylomorphism ..... B. Otting
Darwinism ..... M. Punghorst
Real Pantheism ..... M. J. Kane

(*First Year*)

Ancient Philosophy ..... J. B. Smith
Medieval Philosophy ..... F. Weis
Modern Philosophy ..... F. J. Lamb
Universals ..... F. J. McNiff
Kant's Synthetic Judgments *a priori* ..... J. H. Lodenkamper
De Lamennais ..... G. Heuisler
Testimony ..... M. McMenamy
What is the Testimony of History Worth? ..... J. Burke
The Syllogism ..... A. Gilbert

The *Spring Disputations* took place on April 27th and 28th.

EX TRACTATU DE ECCLESIA —The *Defender* was Mr. DePotter; *Objectors*, Messrs. Rogers and Powers.

EX TRACTATU DE DEO UNO ET TRINO —*Defender*, Mr. J. L. Smith; *Objectors*, Messrs. Clark and Corbley.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA —*De Ultima Cœna*, a paper read by Mr. Bechtel.

EX PHILOSOPHIA MORALI —*Defender*, Mr. O'Hara; *Objectors*, Messrs. Mullan and Higgins.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA —*Defender*, Mr. Porta; *Objectors*, Messrs. Fanning and J. H. Smith.

EX ONTOLOGIA —*Defender*, Mr. Weis; *Objectors*, Messrs. Taelman and J. B. Smith.

PHYSICS —Lecture on *Heat: Its influence on the states of matter*, by Mr. Connell, assisted by Messrs. Huermann and Raby.

GEOLOGY —*The Builders of the Sea;* an illustrated lecture by Mr. G. C. O'Connell.

Former Woodstockians will be glad to learn that Fr. Sabetti's new road has reached the completion of the circuit; the barn that was transferred to the hillside east of the college gate is now the centre of a group of farm buildings, including a new poultry house, and the surroundings have been improved; the hill to the north of the college has almost entirely disappeared.

Rev. Fr. Thomas J. Campbell was inaugurated at St. Lawrence's, New York, as Provincial, on Pentecost Monday, May 21st.

ERRATA CORRIGE.

Page 143, 2nd line from the bottom, for standard read stranded

Page 215, 2nd line from the bottom, for *loto* read lote

Page 221, 4th line from the top, for take steamer read set sail